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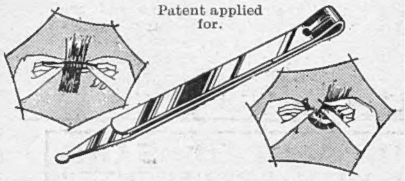

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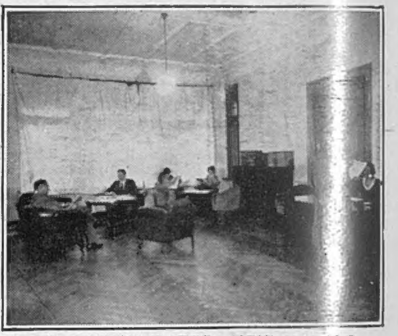

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The Sketch

No. 2169.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

THE MODERN TYPE—
MISS ISOBEL McLEAN.

MISS ISOBEL McLEAN represents a very modern type of good looks. She is the daughter of Mrs. Loudon McLean, the well-known society hostess, and came out last year. She is one of the most popular members of the dance-going set, and is always beautifully turned out.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

INDOORS.

THE wind bloweth where it listeth, and the heavens are opened. It would be well to go and slip on that pull-over, about which you hesitated when you were dressing. There is even some question whether a fire will not be " indicated." Down on the beach there is one small boy with one small dog—irrepressibles, to whom the elements mean nothing. The only bathers are sea-gulls, and even they do not seem very enthusiastic about it. In the absence of spectators (deficiency of ultra-violet rays *may* have something to do with it, for all I know), the sun-bathers are discouraged. There is a certain lassitude about the yachts, and the club burgees express an air of defeat as they hang, drenched and listless, from their mast-heads. The Gale Warning is up. You would hardly think, to look outside, that in the United States (so we read) water-melons are bursting, potatoes are cooking, and eggs are frying in the sun. For the matter of that, you would hardly think that a few weeks ago this island, which was designed by nature as the Handkerchief of the Heavens, rang with lamentations of the drought. On this sodden day thousands of holiday - makers feel, with pardonable resentment, that they are the victims of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of nature. It is, as always, a case of " You ought to have been here last week " (or last month, or last year).

THE WIRELESS ENTHUSIAST *(with gramophone)* : " That was one side of a Mecca - Columbo record—No. 2694851.

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

However, it is no use lamenting that, since youth, and especially youth's school holidays, will be served, you could not be here in the dryest July on record. The fact remains that it is an indoor day. What to do ?

There is certain to be at least one member of the party who will suggest a nice, brisk walk. When you mildly object that it is raining buckets and barrels, you will probably be told : " Oh, I love to feel the rain beating against my face ! " You may think, if you share my sentiments about rain, that it serves the face right, and that for two pins you would imitate the behaviour of the rain. I have bitter memories—and perhaps you have, too—of those long, frightfully hearty, fanatically open-airy trudges through slosh and drench. I particularly remember the exhilarating sensation of saturated trousers clinging to the knees, and the eating, amid much giddy badinage, of bread poultices, which were facetiously described as sandwiches. This sort of thing is all very well in the trenches, or in the heat of battle, but in the chill of peace it is definitely an overrated amusement.

You can take the car, of course, and make a little excursion, but on these quaint, olde-worlde roads, where, in the holiday season, an endless procession of buses, charabancs, caravans, traction engines and trailers occupy the entire space between hedge and hedge, motoring becomes largely a process of *reculer pour mieux sauter.* Besides, these lugubrious statistics which they keep on publishing in the papers make one feel that the motor-car is to be regarded less as an instrument of pleasure than of homicide ; and homicide, though very entertaining in detective novels, has its disadvantages in real life.

I think you had better resign yourself to staying indoors until the glass shows signs of recovery. You know perfectly well what you *ought* to do. You ought to sit down, like a man, and tackle those letters which you brought away with you for the express purpose of grappling with them " on a rainy day." But — yes, I quite understand : there are insuperable difficulties. The note - paper has suddenly given out. There is not a pen in the place fit to write with ; your fountain-pen is dry, and you forgot to get a bottle of ink. You haven't any stamps, and you 'll be blowed, or even worse, if you 'll toil down to the village to get any. It is unreasonable to expect anybody to deal with overdue letters in such circumstances. The matter must stand over until the next rainy day.

How about a game of bridge ? There *are* people who begin their bridge after breakfast and continue it till midnight, or, if necessary, until breakfast the next morning. I have noticed that these devotees often make expensive journeys to the ends of the earth in order to pursue their hobby. Many an enthusiastic globe-trotter will go all the way to Pernambuco, or Minsk, or Pinsk, solely in order to play bridge. But a large number of conventionally-minded persons in this country consider—I have never understood why—that there is something peculiarly depraved, almost indecent, about bridge before luncheon, or even before dusk. Better not suggest bridge — you 'll lose caste ; safer, perhaps, if you *must* have delirious excitement, to wrestle with a cross-word puzzle.

The infants, you will notice, are not at all worried by the rain. They rather like the prospect of an indoor day, for it is to them a sojourn in a delicious realm of imagination, and " pretend." Now, can *you* not have the heart of a child ? I don't advise you to go and play at being a bear or an elephant ; the children's standard is high in this branch of art, and they are apt to be critical. But if you want to combine innocent amusement with physical exercise, just go and lie on the floor and let your youngers and betters stamp all over you. They love that ; and from your point of view, it is far better than the Daily Dozen.

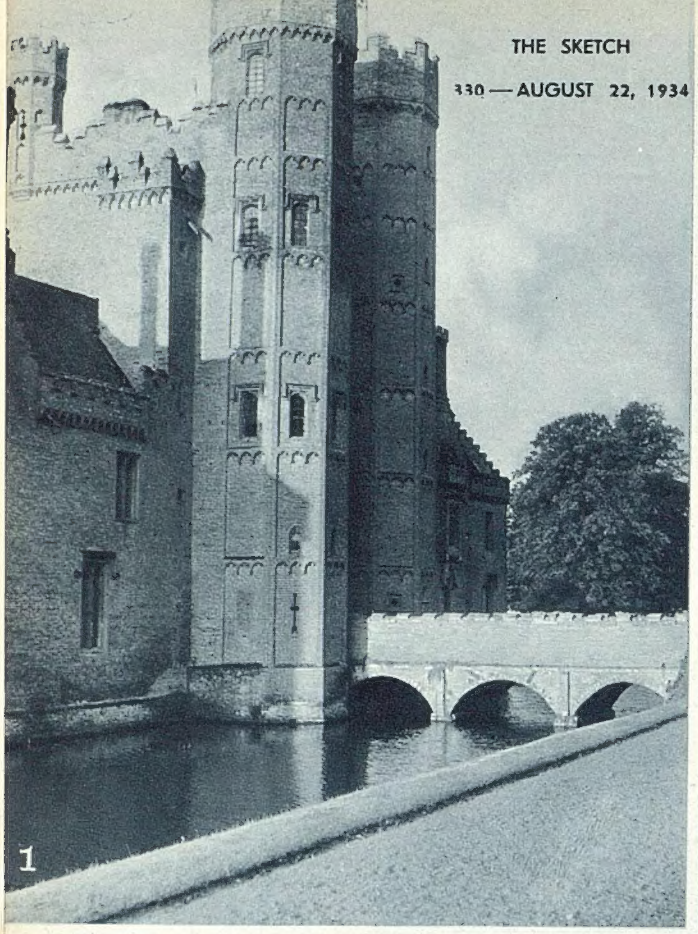
If that begins to pall, are there not all the resources of literature at your command ? Are there not romance, tragedy, travel, biography and bloodshed at twopence-a-time at the lending library (if you did not bring your own supply) ? In particular, is there not that large, instructive, mind-improving volume which you were reserving for this very occasion ? I don't think I should bother about that, if I were you. You know what happened last time—a little folding of the hands. . . . My advice is : stick to Wodehouse. Follow the fortunes of Wooster. Enlist under the banner of Jeeves. Pursue relentlessly the abominable Pilbeam. *They* will never let you down, however grey the day.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE IN 18TH-CENTURY LONDON.

This beautiful at-home study of the young COUNTESS OF ERNE and the children, LADY ROSANAGH MARY CRICHTON and her baby sister, LADY ANTONIA CRICHTON, was taken at their London home, an eighteenth-century house in Kensington Square. Lady Erne was Lady Katherine Lytton, and is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton. She was married in 1931, and has two little girls. The elder was born in 1932 and the latter still counts her age in months. The Airedale, Dennis, and the Pekingese are important members of the household.

DANCERS IN HISTORIC OXBURGH:



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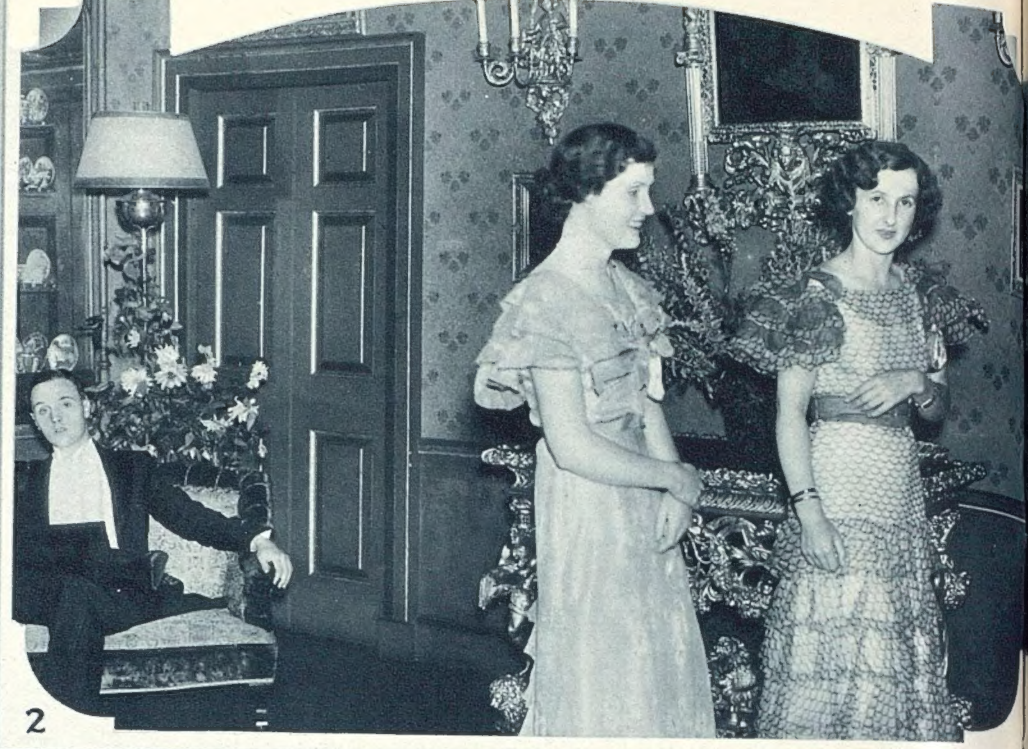

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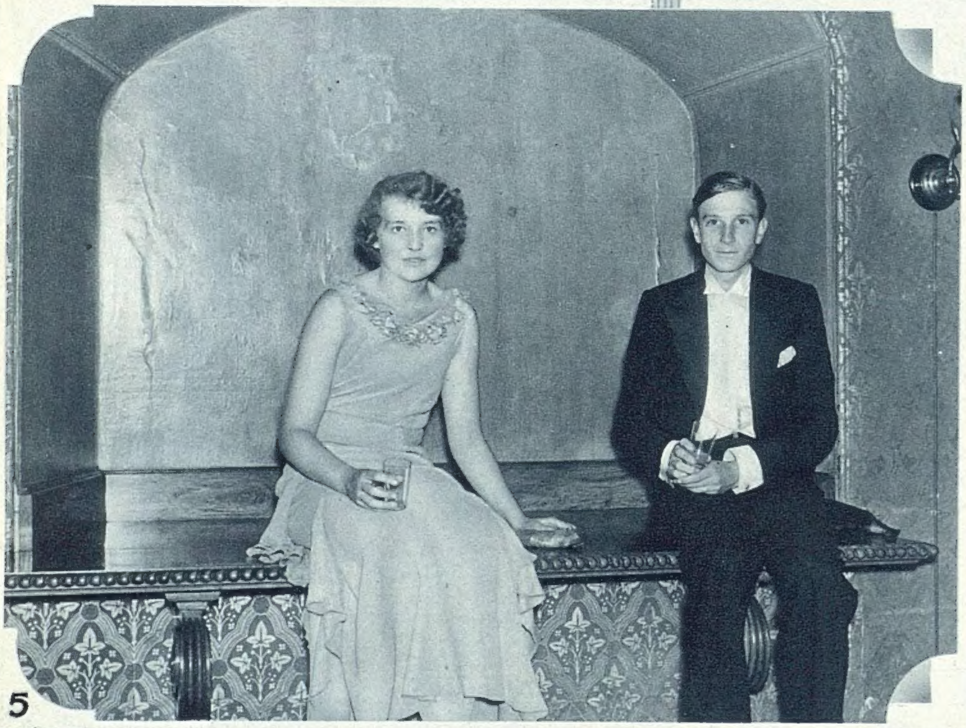

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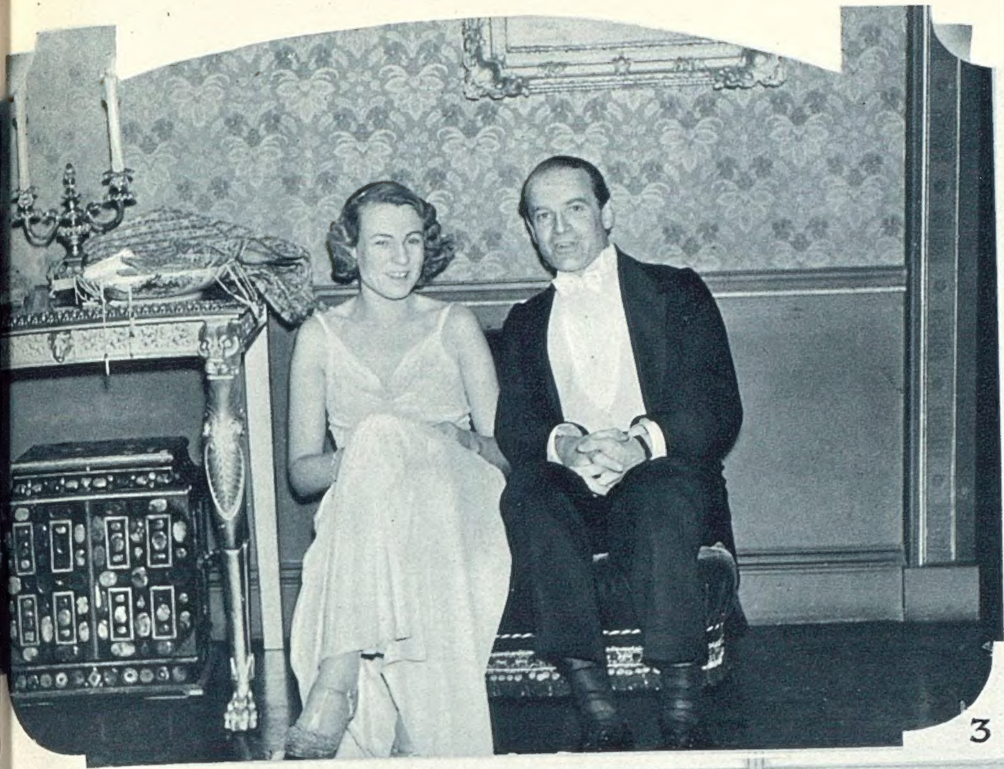
1. *OXBURGH HALL, Norfolk, where Lady Bedingfeld and Mrs. Charles Howard had a most successful ball, was built in 1482 by permission of Edward IV. The property has belonged to the Bedingfelds since 1461.*
2. *MISS JEAN ASTLEY is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Hastings, of Melton Constable, Norfolk. She is with MISS BERKLEY (right).*
3. *MISS SALE BARKER and MR. CYRIL BRUCE SMITH were two of the dance guests. Oxburgh contains some lovely furniture of various periods.*
4. *This is another view of Oxburgh Hall, showing the beautiful brickwork of old English chimneys.*
5. *MISS HARBORD-HAMOND and MR. JOHN CRIPPS are sitting out in an oak seat in an embrasure in the walls.*
6. *The supper-room contains fine furniture and many interesting family*

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR

GUESTS AT LADY BEDINGFELD'S BALL.



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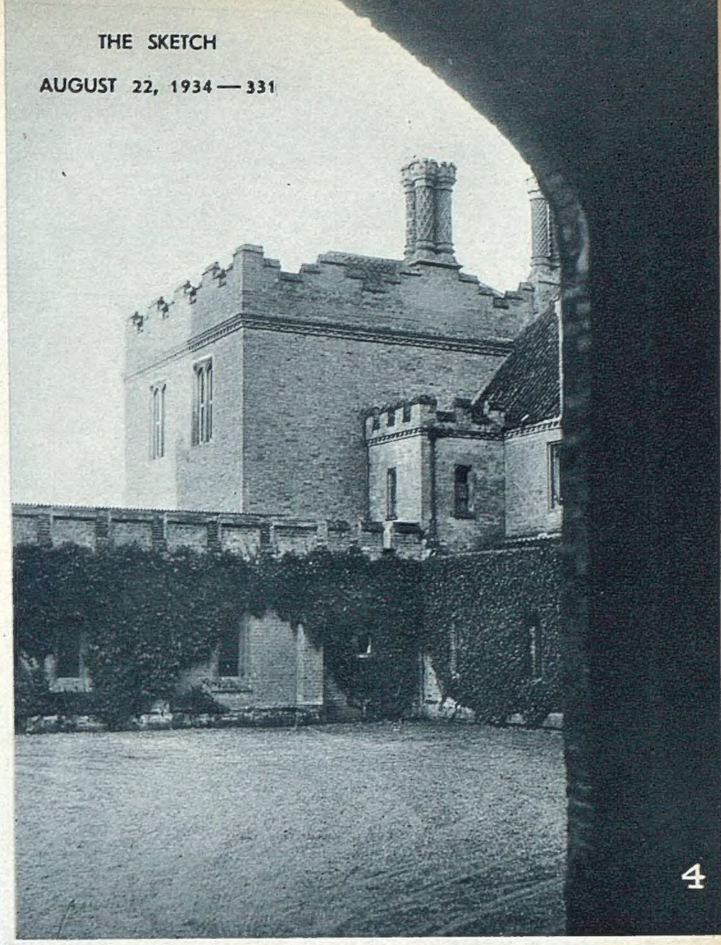

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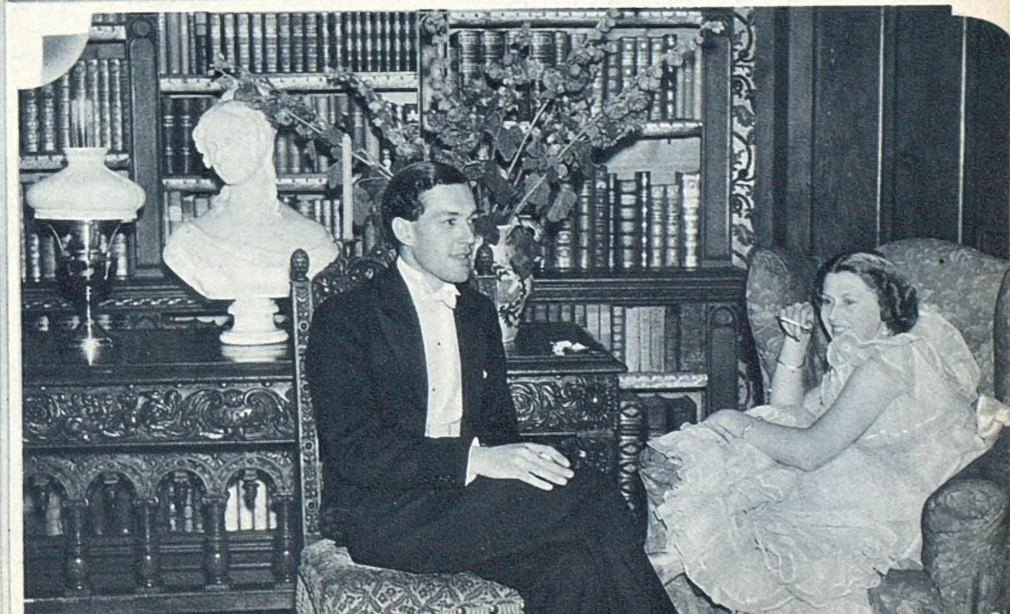


portraits. ***MISS JEANNE STOURTON,*** *wearing large ear-rings, is in the centre of the group with* ***MR. PETER TREVELYAN, MRS. SOMERSET DE CHAIR*** *is just behind her—hardly visible, talking to* ***ADMIRAL HARBORD-HAMOND.***

7. ***MISS PENELOPE JANE MAFFEY,*** *daughter of Sir John Maffey, of Anmer Hall, is a beautiful blonde. She is with* ***MR. PAYM.***
8. ***MISS S. E. HOWARD,*** *daughter of the joint-hostess, Mrs. Charles Howard, is here posed with* ***MR. BEECHEY.***
9. ***CAPTAIN BARROW, LADY IRONSIDE, LADY BEDINGFELD*** *and* ***MRS. CHARLES HOWARD*** *are shown (left to right). Lady Bedingfeld is the wife of Sir Henry Paston-Bedingfeld, eighth baronet of Oxburgh. She and Mrs. Howard were joint-hostesses.*
10. ***MR. J. F. C. MELLOR*** *and* ***MISS BARCLAY*** *were photographed in the library, which contains some fine oak furniture.*

"THE SKETCH" BY SASHA.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

EVEN the congers in the English Channel appear to have suffered from the depression, for Mr. H. A. Kelly reports that they are unusually long and thin. The kind he generally catches are unusually long and fat, as *Sketch* readers may recollect, for last July a picture appeared in these notes of a string of congers caught by Mr. Kelly. The largest weighed 84 lb., and is the record conger caught on rod and line; and there was another of 70 lb. Mr. Kelly is a member of the Dreadnought Sea Angling Society, and Mr. Jack Bost, Hon. Press Representative of the Society, has kindly sent me Mr. Kelly's diary of a holiday he spent fishing at Dungeness last month. No records were broken this year, but in eighteen days' fishing, Mr. Kelly had thirty-five fish from 4 lb. to 44 lb. apiece—total weight, 637 lb. Nine of these fish were tope, weighing up to 31 lb., and the rest were conger. The largest conger—44 lb.—is shown on this page. Tope were scarce, owing to the presence of vast quantities of small whiting, on which they could gorge themselves with ease. One conger of 19 lb., caught by Mr. Kelly, had just swallowed a codling 14 in. in length. The diary also records a rather curious coincidence, when Mr. Kelly and Mr. Stevens, who was fishing with him, both hooked fish in the tail—a horse-mackerel and a dog-fish respectively—while using only one large conger hook.

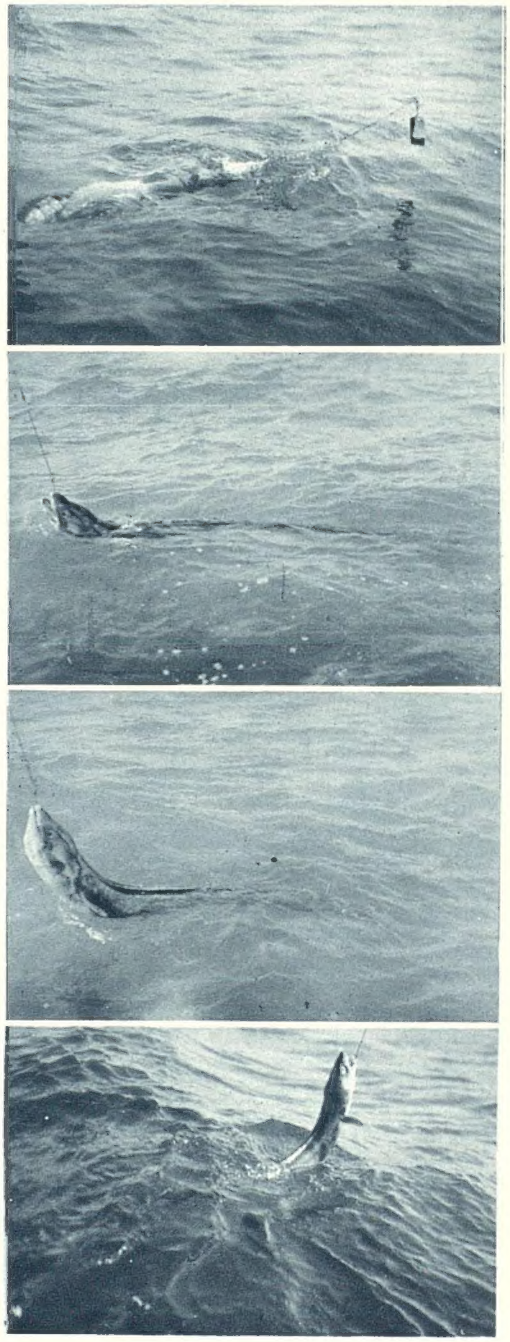
This is certainly some EEL! It is a 44-LB. CONGER caught by Mr. H. A. Kelly (wearing cap) off Dungeness. His fishing companion is Mr. Jordanopoulo. As may be read in the article on this page, Mr. H. A. Kelly had good sport with conger and tope off Dungeness. The forty-four pounder here seen was his best eel this year—no record-breaker, but a fine specimen all the same.

Huge Sting-Ray Landed on Light Tackle.

Looking back about thirty years, I can remember the first time I fished with Mr. Percy Wadham, of Newport, Isle of Wight. We had planned to try for some big carp in a pond a few miles from Carisbrooke. Unfortunately, the carp ignored our efforts, though my chief recollection of the outing is not of the fishing, but of creeping downstairs at an unearthly hour of the morning, and breakfasting on some fizzy soft drink and eggs—a breakfast which I would be loath to repeat now. Since then, I have fished with Mr. Wadham a good many times, and wish for no better angling companion. He is a naturalist as well as a most skilful angler, and I could tell one or two amusing stories about the big snakes he used to keep in a small conservatory in his garden. I wish I had been in the boat with him when he hooked the big sting-ray which he has just told me about. He was using a light rod, line of 4-lb. breaking strain, and a small hook—No. 6—and fought the ray for three-quarters-of-an-hour before it was brought alongside. On second thoughts I am glad I was not in the boat, as it might have been my job to get this ugly brute on board. The long, bayonet-like spine in its tail is not a weapon to be despised, and in a small boat it would assume alarming proportions.

"A Holiday Fisherman."

Had anyone been on the bank of the Silver River in Tipperary on a certain spring day in 1913, or thereabout, he would have seen "a middle-aged gentleman, stark-naked, struggling through nettles and thistles, and over rocks and stubs, on a slippery bank, with rod held high, shouting and roaring for help which never came from his companion deeply engaged far away." The naked gentleman was Treasury Remembrancer and Deputy Paymaster for Ireland, and the cause of his predicament was a big trout which took him into the weeds, made him strip to release his line, and then broke away. A few of his colleagues in the Civil Service may be tickled to recognise the angler as Maurice Headlam, C.B., C.M.G., for he was the culprit, as he admits in his book, "A Holiday Fisherman," which has just been published. The title of his book is very well chosen, for, as a Civil Servant, Mr. Headlam's holidays were limited mostly to week-ends, but he seldom missed a chance of stealing away with his rod. During the longer vacations he ventured further afield with some kindred spirit, and fished in Scotland, Norway, Bohemia, and Finland. With a host of recollections to draw upon, and a facile pen by no means devoid of humour, Mr. Headlam has written a book which ranks high in angling literature.



These four photographs illustrate the STAGES IN PLAYING the big 44-lb. conger caught by Mr. H. A. Kelly.

Fly-Fishing Restrictions.

Following the discovery of two large salmon lures on the banks of the Hungerford Town Water, a meeting of the Hocktide Jury was hastily summoned. For some time past the Fishery Committee has been perturbed over the possible harm done to the fishery by anglers using large wet flies, and this flagrant example of irregular behaviour was strongly resented, and called for immediate action. Mr. Beard proposed that all salmon flies, lures, and any wet flies on hooks larger than No. 6 should be prohibited. The proposition was carried unanimously, and the new regulation has met with general approval. Unfortunately, some misunderstanding has been caused by incorrect reports in the local Press, stating that the Jury had banned wet-fly fishing on the Hungerford Water.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

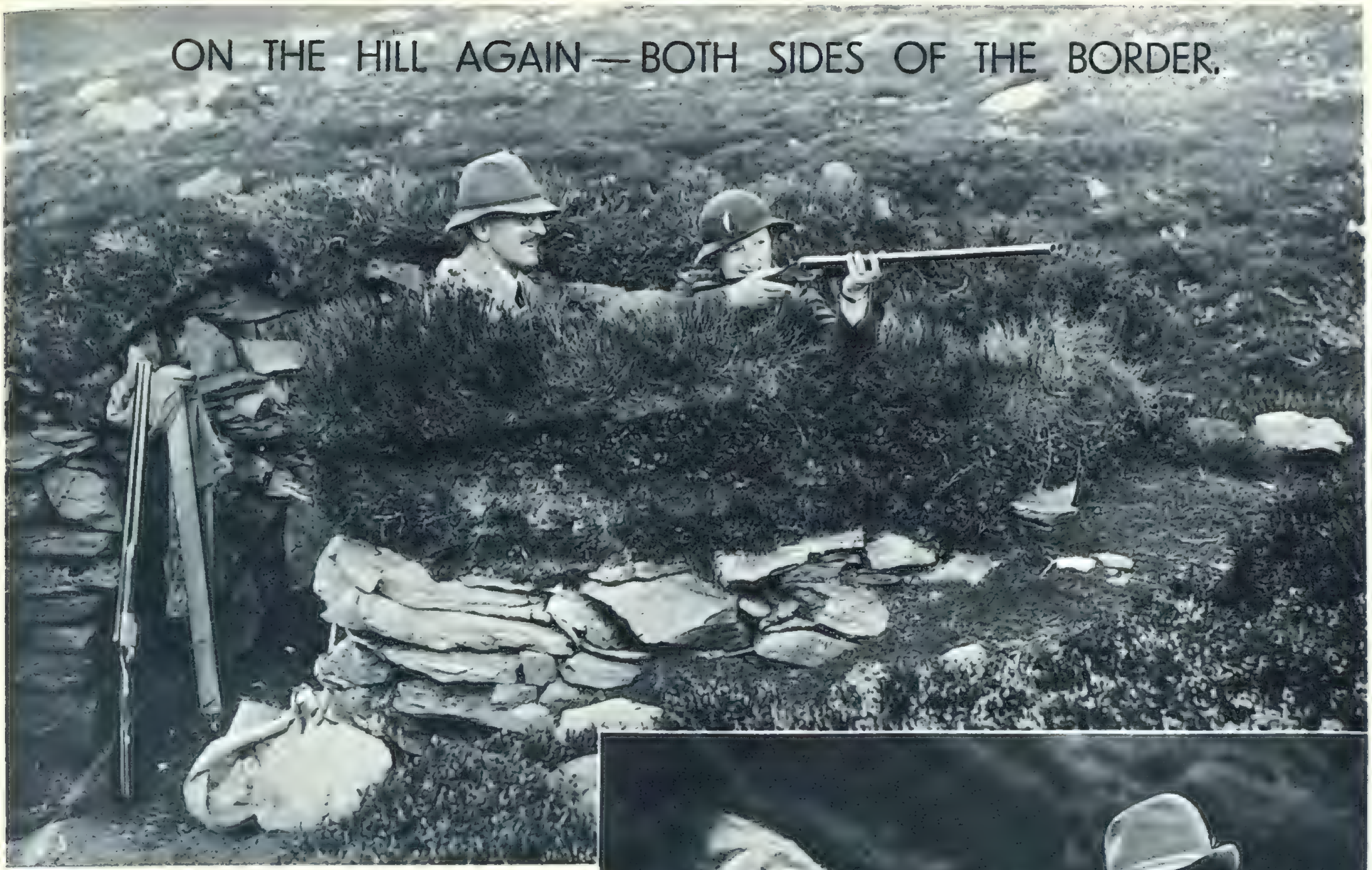
Near Nestlé's chocolate factory on the River Orbe, Switzerland, a huge trout of 26 lb. 6 oz. was captured after half-an-hour's tussle by two experienced anglers, Messrs. E. Rod and A. Chevallier. I cannot say whether it was caught by Rod, but the odds appear to be fifty-fifty.

Mr. Warren Hastings has caught a barbel of 10¼ lb. at Goring-on-Thames. If the report is correct, this is the heaviest barbel caught this season.

Bream have been feeding well on the Broads. Catches weighing up to and over 50 lb. have been taken since the beginning of this month.

R. L. MARSTON.

ON THE HILL AGAIN — BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER.



1. SIR HERBERT and LADY CAYZER were guests at Viscount Devonport's shoot over Amulree Moors on the 13th. They are here seen in one of the butts. Lady Cayzer, who is a daughter of the late Colonel W. H. Rathborne, is taking aim.

2. SIR MICHAEL MALCOLM, tenth Baronet, was a guest of Sir William Burrell when they shot over the Lammermuir Hills, near Mayshiel. Here he is in action, watched by MISS BURRELL.

3. MR. GUY MORETON, who was a member of Lord Illingworth's party at Ramsgill, near Harrogate, Yorks, for the opening shoot, is with LADY ILLINGWORTH. She was married in 1931, and is a daughter of the late Mr. William Basil Wilberforce, of Markington Hall, Yorks.

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GROUSE DAY—

1. *Superstitious people are ready to have a good grouse on the 13th of any month, but they can do it in another sense of the word when August 12th falls on a Monday! MRS. J. PURDIE is one of the feminine guns who shot on the 13th. She was a member of the Cortachy Castle party.*
2. *LIEUT.-COL. SIR ARCHIBALD LYLE shot over Riemore Moors, Perthshire, on the 13th. He is with his daughter, MISS DOROTHEA LYLE.*
3. *SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and CAPTAIN T. L. DUGDALE, M.P., were snapped on their way to the butts when shooting on the Swinton Moors, near Masham, Yorks.*
4. *The DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE rode out with two of her grandchildren, MISS ARBELLE MACKINTOSH and MASTER MICHAEL BAILLIE, children of Lady Maud Baillie, when the Duke shot over Hazelwood Moor, Bolton Abbey.*
5. *This group consists of French sportsmen in Inverness. They are M. RENÉ D'ESTAINVILLE,*

THE THIRTEENTH!

MME. JEAN BONNARDEL, who is well protected from the rain, and M. JEAN PROUVOST.

6. Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, the well-known American, entertained a party for the shooting at Girn Hill, Amulree. Our group at lunch includes MR. KEITH-MURRAY, MISS GRACE AMORY, MRS. PULITZER, MR. GURNEY MUNN, MAJOR PRYCE-HARRISON, the DUKE OF ALGECIRAS, MRS. JOHN GASTON, MR. T. D. BOARDMAN, the EARL OF PORTARLINGTON, and the host, MR. PULITZER.

7. The DUKE OF ALGECIRAS is here seen assisting his hostess, MRS. HERBERT PULITZER, over a burn on the Girn Moor.

8. MR. T. M. BURRELL, of Lochin, Amulree, is here seen in action. He is watched by MRS. BURRELL.

9. Here are some of Lord Devonport's guests at Amulree. They include MRS. T. M. BURRELL, SIR HERBERT CAYZER, BT., SIR GEORGE HENNESSY, BT., and MR. LIONEL BULTEEL.

MONTE CARLO ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER, of New York, has a natty striped bathing suit which is most becoming.

This trio from Monte Carlo consists of the MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY (left), LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, and MR. TERENCE PHILIP.

THE sea 's full of new faces, of bodies far from vile. The Lady Bridgett Poulett looks prettier bathing with a minimum of make-up than in full *tenue de soirée* at the Sporting. Brother George is staying with Mrs. Walter Russell, who 's entertaining friends from her home city, St. Louis. Her daughter, Valerie Baker, is nearly as camera-conscious as her namesake—the Shy Bride. The two smartest hostesses on the coast are Lady Baillie and Miss Elliot. If you can't say " I 'm at Maxine's, darling," or " I 'm with Olave at Monte Carlo," you 're running serious social risks. Baronne Eugénie de Rothschild has joined the former establishment, where Lady Castlerosse is nearly incognito, taking rare airings into less rare air at the wheel of her new car, which resembles a Black Maria. She and Lady Ashley sat one each side of Mr. Gilbert Miller at a Monte Carlo gala. He was the most envied impresario on the terrace, not excluding Mr. Schenck, whom Merle Oberon is " very, very fond of "—see interview, second only in importance to Hitler's talk with the correspondent who was tactless enough to mention Austria. This may mean another marriage made in Hollywood.

Merle's mermaid scales in scarlet were spectacular, also the " Schap " overskirt suggesting a merry peasant, derived from a merry Balkan widow, but among movie girls our English-bred Wendy Barrie is supremely good to gaze at, animated and as yet uncontaminated vocally by studio Americanisms. Sir Victor Sassoon spends his mornings featuring her in moving pictures, with passing bathers as extras and the pool as an ideal set. He 's staying with his sister-in-law, Princess Ottoboni, at her house in the hills. Gene Silva, Mrs. Edward Churchill, and Wendy make a three-little-girls-from-school trio escorted by Major Stewart Dawson. A " big " gambler is Stephen Rafael. Tony Downing flew from London for the week-end with John Sutro. Lord Petre (" Joe ") drove down with " Duggie " Brown, Dennis Griffiths, and Jocelyn Beauchamp. They 've driven on to Venice. Ronnie Graham has David Looker staying at his father's villa. They go about with Jock McGrady, Ralph Harbord, the latter's nice sister, Betty, and the lovely Mrs. Joan Carey (less silent in Monte Carlo, almost a chatterbox).

DÉPLACEMENTS. Lady Ursula has joined her sons and father in the north of Scotland, leaving Mr. Filmer-Sankey behind. Mrs. Seely 's due with Angela Dudley-Ward, whose name 's unfortunately abbreviated to " Angie," as is Lady Belper's.

Lady Bearsted has left her villa on Cap Ferrat for family life in Scotland. She 'll miss playing tennis in shorts, her garden which resembles the first act at Drury Lane (where the heroine, looking like Evelyn Laye, meets the hero, trying to look like Jack Buchanan, by a bed of improbably pink geraniums), and her Marie Laurencins in the living-room.

Mrs. Gordon Leith has arrived from Venice, which she adored, looking more dignified, statuesque, and unlike her nickname—" Cuckoo " —than ever.

Warwickshire, represented by the Gordon Kirkpatricks, has chartered a boat and is coasting about. Captain Davey and the Dorian Williamsons complete this popular quintet.

The young Dennis Gomer Berrys, who were married this season, stopped on their way to Biarritz.

Though less full than usual, Cannes has its headliners. Mrs. Otto Kahn and her daughter, Mrs. John Marriott, are at the Grand, also Hope Hampton, the only screen actress to become a successful prima donna without ceasing to look like a screen actress, and the Oliver Harveys from our Embassy in Paris. She has those dark tweed trousers for cooler days which are this year's message. Don't buy stockinette in error. In the vast garden at the Grand there 's a new snack-bar, where you dine under palms at little tables, or on stools by the brightly lit counter, off hot-dogs, cold cats (a specialty), or with gastronomic convention, but in comfortable clothes. We had a cold trout, a hot chicken, an out-size salad, and some ripe peaches, each simple item deserving ten out of ten for quality and presentation. These quick, light meals are a good idea likely to be copied by other caravanserai.

DON GUILIO, only son of the Marchese Marconi, the famous inventor, and grandson of the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin, is on the Lido. He was photographed with DONNA MARINA TORLONIA, daughter of Duchess Torlonia, who was formerly Miss Elsie Moore, of New York.

At the Carlton Bar some celebrities gather before dinner, though the crowd is small compared with the old days, when parking a car was confusion and getting a table influence. Captain James Somers-Cocks is an interesting figure; one of the Riviera authors would find him good copy were they interested in human nature instead of the very Far East and the Never Never West End. Characteristically elusive, he fades from the terrace without reappearing, to our regret. The Wills-Bainbridge quartette, both husbands talking boats, one with knowledge and the other with enthusiasm, and both wives looking well in spite of an all-night night at the Lewisohns, arrive. The Archie Campbells pass by in a car with the Simon Marks, on whose yacht they 're lying pretty. Another car contains Mrs. Guinness-Guévara, looking faintly Montparnasse 1930, with her

guests, the Peabody boy and girl. American good-lookers having youth and style.

Villa life continues to be Cannes' long suit. Near Grasse, Lady Orr-Lewis has a three-hundred-years-old farmhouse suitably modernised. A wrought-iron well in the garden, lunch set under a spreading tree, mountain water lapping through the swimming-pool, home-raised vegetables and home-pressed wine are some of the agreeable things in her domain, which looks up at the hills, down to the sea, and back to the Alps, where snow fell heavily the other week, simultaneously cooling brows at Monte Carlo and speeding summer ski-ers on Diavolezza. Lady Guernsey was staying there, and Lady Phyllis Allen, who has gone on to Corsica. She has a gay time, always moving about, staying with friends, travelling with friends, constantly meeting the same friends. Homer Smith, a Scotch-Canadian who makes London his G.H.Q., was also invited, with his large Rolls, which has a small seating capacity.

Monte Carlo—on Cap Ferrat, to be geographical—the Forsyte Sherfesses have built a wonder villa called Bontoc, with a sheer drop of rocky cliffs from their bathing-pool to the swaying sea below. At least, we swayed when looking at it.

VISITORS LIST. Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie, who were at Monte Carlo Beach Hotel, went home and booked once more.

Princess Mafalda of Hesse (a daughter of the King of Italy) arrived at Monte Carlo from Vichy and mingled, with that conventional democracy peculiar to modern royalty, among lesser fry frying.

Mr. Toby Milbanke, Mr. Vincent (father of the recently wed Lady Burgh), the Titulescos and Hugh Wilsons from diplomacy, Mrs. ("American Beauty") Ryan dancing with Milton Holden are some of those who've appeared or are appearing at Monte Carlo, where the Follies appear nightly. We must reappear in Venice. *Avanti!*

Lady Rothermere is at Pibonson, where her books, the small but select sculptures she's collected, and white linen-covered chairs and divans create enchanted harmony. Near Eden Roc the pink Lloyd Osborne *casa*, formerly rented by Mrs. Cartwright (who sounds just crazy about Sweden, which she's already turned inside out), has a charming tall tenant in Mrs. Van Rensselaer, a hunting well-known and the only "Roxana" among the upper ten thousand. Several Jelkes, the cheerful "Ted" Partingtons, bound for Villa d'Este, like so many romantically-minded couples, Charlotte Greenwood dancing with grotesque humour on the tips of rocks, a French Countess looking like Cécile Sorrel, who is also a French Countess, and the Robert Ropners were at the Cap. Mrs. Ropner has some of her sister's (Mrs. Harmsworth's) piquancy, and the figure of an athletic fourth-former. She and her husband were swinging perilously on gymnastic rings above the ocean, daring each other to stunt one better.

This lunch-party on the shady terrace of Lady Orr-Lewis's villa near Grasse included LADY GUERNSEY, who is Lord de Ramsay's sister, LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN, MR. HOMER SMITH, the hostess, LADY ORR-LEWIS, and her children.

MRS. EMERSON BAINBRIDGE is one of the most admired figures on the Riviera this year. Here she is posed before a plunge into the heavenly blue, warm sea.

SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE, BT., CAPTAIN GUY LAMBERT, MRS. D'ERLANGER, and MRS. GILBERT MILLER faced the camera after lunching at Monte Carlo Beach, where they are all spending August.

The HON. EDWARD and MRS. PARTINGTON in the South. He is the only son of Lord Doverdale. Note that Mrs. Partington wears an orange highwayman's cape over her bathing suit.

Continuing the villa quiz—Mrs. Nina Coles, daughter of the McAdoo who ran for President, has the cottage in the Château de l'Horizon garden which the Mendls took last year. This season finds Elsie in the Baltic and Sir Charles at Cannes, where we also noted Sir Harry Lyons refusing to bathe, though dressed for the sport, and Mrs. Ali Mackintosh. Towards

CONFESSIONS BY CAMERA: NO. V.—MRS. BROCAS BURROWS.

HERE we continue our series of illustrated interviews with well-known people, in which they declare their tastes much as they used to do in the old-fashioned "Confession Albums," MRS. BROCAS BURROWS, who was formerly Miss Molly le Bas, is our subject this week. She is the wife of Major Brocas Burrows, D.S.O., M.C., 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the well-known cricketer. These photographs were taken at the house which Major and Mrs. Burrows have had for the last year at Sunningdale. Mrs. Burrows is a sculptor, and, in one of our photographs, is seen at work. The figure on the window-sill in this study is an example of her work. It is called "Leopoldine," and was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and later in Paris, New York, and the Argentine. The head on the left is an Epstein bust of Meum Stewart.

QUESTION.	ANSWER.
Who is your favourite composer?	Wagner.
Have you any pets?	A Chow, named Paul.
What sort of clothes do you like wearing best?	A well-cut coat and skirt.
What are your hobbies?	Sculpturing.
What is your favourite sport?	Golf.
Your favourite colour?	Egg-shell blue.
Your favourite artist?	Rodin.
Your favourite month of the year?	June, because I was born in it.
Your favourite form of decoration?	Elizabethan period furniture, and, for ornaments, old Waterford glass.
Have you a pet aversion?	Olives; I can't bear them.

QUESTION.

For an ideal dinner, what would you choose?

ANSWER.

Caviare.

———

Truite bleu.

———

Chicken à la Maryland.

———

Vanilla ice, with hot chocolate sauce.

———

Mushrooms on toast.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. C. BUCKLEY.

THE GIRLS WHO RUN AN AIR-TAXI.

1. *MISS DOROTHY SPICER and MISS PAULINE GOWER are two young airwomen who run an air-taxi business at Hunstanton, in Norfolk. This photograph shows them in their machine, flying above the local speed-boat, as if in pursuit to bomb it.*
2. *MISS DOROTHY SPICER is the only woman to hold the Air Ministry's "B" engineering certificate. She and her partner, MISS PAULINE GOWER, daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., are here examining their machine before taking it up.*
3. *Running an air-taxi business is not all hard work. MISS DOROTHY SPICER (left) is bringing some light refreshment to MISS PAULINE GOWER and the dog who shares their life.*
4. *Another study of the two girl mechanics and pilots going over their machine before taking her up. MISS GOWER is the second woman in England to hold the Air Ministry's "B" pilot's certificate.*
5. *MISS DOROTHY SPICER is one of the most enthusiastic of young pilots. She and Miss Gower live in a cosy caravan home near Hunstanton.*

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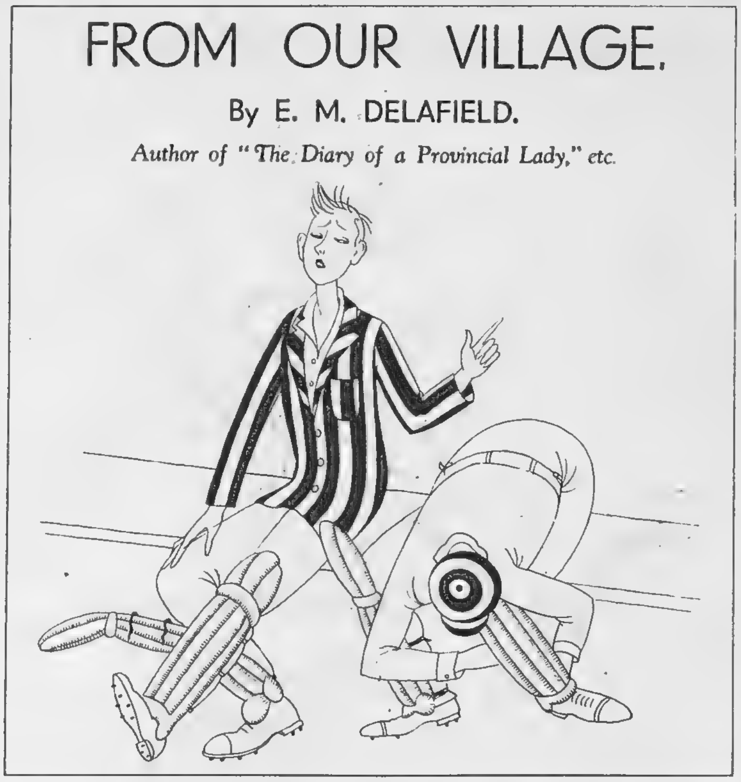
FROM OUR VILLAGE.

By E. M. DELAFIELD.

Author of "The Diary of a Provincial Lady," etc.



"Why, if W. G. Grace himself came back and asked me what I thought, I would simply say to him . . ."

IV.—OUR CRICKET MATCH.

[In the Pavilion, where Our Eleven is struggling, more or less silently, with pads, gloves, and blazers.]

Our Slow Bowler : . . . an' all I 've got to say to 'ee, George, is that 'tidn't no manner of use to try and make out you 'm Larwood, because ever since we zeed 'ee drop that catch to cover-point last Zaturday, we 've all known well enough as you 'm *not*.

(*On which gratifying assurance, George goes to take his place at the wicket, and is immediately greeted by his fellow bat with a merry reminder of last Saturday's fiasco.*)

Our Newest (and Youngest) Recruit : It 's the *style* that 's altered. That 's what I say. You 've only got to look at the old prints to see that. Why, if W. G. Grace himself came back and asked me what I thought, I should simply say to him . . .

(*But what our newest and youngest might have offered in the way of valuable advice to the immortal "W.G." must remain for ever unknown, being lost in a burst of ironical applause as George returns, bowled for a duck's egg, and hands his bat to his successor.*)

"Now, dear, will you jam or butter?"

[Amongst the Visitors.]

The Mother of a Young Player : And, of course, Peter 's only thirteen, though he 's so tall, and I said to him, "Darling, do you really think you can play with *all those men* ?" I said. But, you know, I shouldn't wonder if they put him on to bowl. I 'm sure he 's *far* better than the man they 've got now.

An Expert : Ah, it 's *pace* you want, with the ground like this. This chap 's not got the length of the wicket at all. Look at that, now! Look at that!

Mother of the Y.P. (*in a sudden falsetto*) : Peter! Wake up, darling! I 'm *sure* he ought to have run for that ball, instead of leaving it to the other man.

The Expert : This fellow at our end 's cutting 'em all to leg. . . . Careful, Sir, careful! Ah, pretty play, pretty play . . . !

Mother of the Y.P. (*determined not to be outdone*) : Well, *I* think he ought to have hit a boundary that time, instead of just hitting the ball round the corner like that.

An Uninformed Lady : I always wonder how much they *score* for a boundary, don't you?

Her Friend : Look, darling, the man at the other end is going to bat now. I don't like his face much, do you? I mean, he looks so frightfully grim, and, after all, as I always say, a game 's only a game.

[In the Tea Tent.]

Our Rector's Sister : Those sponge-rounds into *ten* slices, please, Mrs. Jones. If you try and get eleven out of them, it throws the whole thing out. And nine is too few. Now, dear, will you jam or butter?

Our Doctor's Wife : I 'll butter, dear, thank you. Such a comfort when it 's a nice warm day, and the butter goes nice and soft—so much easier to spread, isn't it?

An Experienced Helper : I wouldn't cut the slab cake, not if I was you, I wouldn't. They 'll take it back at the shop, sale or return. It isn't like fancies. Now, with the fancies, there 's nothing for it but to auction what 's left over. There, now, Miss Henn, there 's that whole plate of rock-buns gone over. Dust them over, my dear, and put them on the table, and no one 'll be the wiser.

[Amongst the Spectators.]

The General : . . . nothing like it in the world, Sir. Why, I remember playing cricket in Rawal Pindi in the late 'seventies, with the thermometer standing at hundred in the shade, and thought nothing of it, Sir . . . nothing in the world——. Well run, well run! . . . that 's a useful three . . . bless my soul, that ought to have been given as l.b.w.

His Neighbour : Ah, 'tidn't so easy for Umpire as you might think, Sir. That 's Schoolmaster at the wicket now, Sir, and Umpire, he 'm related to 'un through his wife, Sir, and he wouldn't want for to fall foul of 'im, now would 'e, Sir?

(*But to this enquiry, answer comes there none, the General having once more relapsed into reminiscences of India in the late 'seventies.*)

An Enthusiast : It 's quite like the *Test* match, isn't it?

(*Which is, perhaps, a civil rather than an accurate analogy. At least, one has never heard of a Test match being broken off in order that the Umpire may order a small yellow dog off the ground—which he does with much shouting and waving of arms, and a facetious "Tally-ho!" or two from various members of the field.*)

An Old-Timer : You saw the slow ball that chap sent down just now? Well, I once saw a most extraordinary thing happen at Lord's. It was about five years ago, or it might have been four. Four years ago, I should say it was—or it might have been five. Not that that 's got anything to do with the story . . .

(*And so on, and so on, until, somewhere about the time when stumps are drawn, the point of the story is reached.*)

[On the Field.]

A General Chorus : Well caught, Willie! . . . Good old Willie! . . . Never thought he 'd get it for a moment——. Nor he didn't, neither, didn't Willie. He were properly astonished when he found he were holding on to the ball, as you might say . . .

A Discontented Player : Naturally, I 'm not offering any opinion, but if you ask *me*, it 's about time the bowling was changed. I 'm not saying it because I happen to be a bowler myself—that 's got nothing on earth to do with it—but at the same *time* . . .

(*At the same time, a general impression prevails that the Discontented Player is suffering from a feeling of having been overlooked, to the detriment of himself and his side.*)

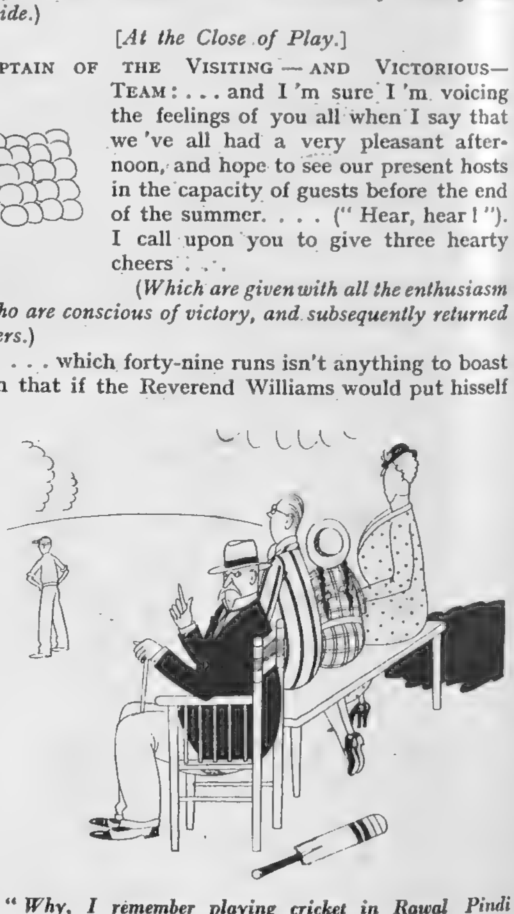
[At the Close of Play.]

Captain of the Visiting—and Victorious—Team : . . . and I 'm sure I 'm voicing the feelings of you all when I say that we 've all had a very pleasant afternoon, and hope to see our present hosts in the capacity of guests before the end of the summer. . . . ("Hear, hear!"). I call upon you to give three hearty cheers . . .

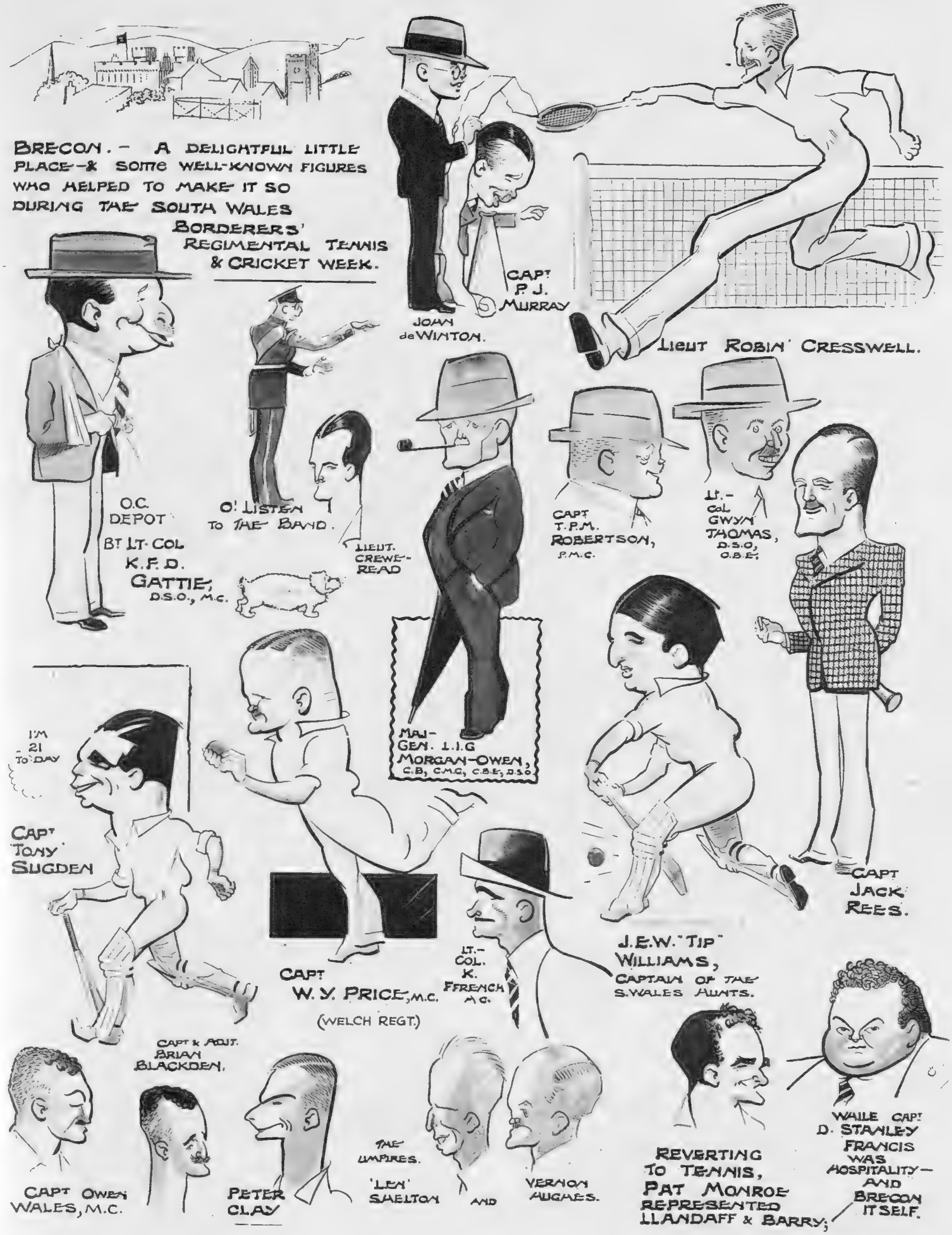
(*Which are given with all the enthusiasm characteristic of those who are conscious of victory, and subsequently returned more tepidly by the losers.*)

Our Slow Bowler : . . . which forty-nine runs isn't anything to boast of, and 'tis my opinion that if the Reverend Williams would put hisself in last, instead of going in along of a high-class player like my nephew Tom and then running him out for a two, well, things wouldn't be *as* they are, you can mark my words. . . .

(*General impression, however, that nobody is marking his words, perhaps because they, and others like them, have been heard more than once already, and are likely to be heard several times more before the end of the season.*)



"Why, I remember playing cricket in Rawal Pindi in the late 'seventies . . ."



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY

THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS' "AT HOME."

These Fred May sketches were made at the Annual Cricket and Lawn Tennis "At-Home" week of the SOUTH WALES BORDERERS, the 24th Regiment of Foot, whose regimental history is second to none. Until the Great War, this regiment held the record in possession of Victoria Crosses, and only one other regiment has a slight lead at the present day. One of the most famous exploits of the S.W.B.'S was at Rorke's Drift in 1879, when no fewer than seven V.C.'s were won in a day. The cricket match between the South Wales Borderers and the South Wales Hunts resulted in a draw. Earlier in the week the regiment beat a naval side by 119 runs. Captain Owen Wales, M.C., was the hero, with 103, not out.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The final of the Polo Tournament for the Nimrod Vase was played at Arthington Hall, between "Greenlands" and Lilbourne, and resulted in a win for the former. MISS J. BALDING, MISS "BUNTY" BALDING, and MAJOR CAVANAGH (the No. 2 for Lilbourne) are in this group.

WHETHER Highgate is London or not, from the social point of view, is a question I don't feel equal to answering. Anyway, that 's where M. and Mme. Venizelos have come to stay in order to get a restful holiday. They are with Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield at their magnificent place, West Hill, but they say that, though they are enjoying the holiday, it is not exactly a rest cure. They have received so many invitations from friends still in London that Lady Crosfield has not yet even thought of planning any dinners or parties for them.

However, there is no difficulty about arranging for the Great Man to have his famous afternoon siesta. He can take it in the lovely little summer-house in the grounds if he feels inclined. This is a particularly attractive retreat, and Sir Arthur Crosfield sometimes sleeps out in it when the weather is really hot.

. . . . .

M. and Mme. Venizelos are making West Hill their *pied à terre* during their English trip, but won't stay there all the time. They have several other visits to pay. Lady Crosfield, who was Miss Dominie Elliadi, is Greek by birth, and is a charming woman, who combines enthusiasm for sport and music. She is a first-rate pianist, and is also a good lawn tennis player.

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The rewards for staying in London during August are said to be peace and quiet. I enjoyed an even rarer experience last week. I went to the first night of "Queer Cargo," which is a distillation of the spirit of the *Boys' Own Paper*, *Chums*, and the best Boy Scoutery. Nothing lower in the brow can well be imagined—and there in the stalls, listening to the "rough stuff" which Barrie Livesey put across with such gusto, were Emerald Lady Cunard and Lord Berners! Well, well! Perhaps they were in search of a new experience.

Otherwise, there was a family atmosphere about the audience. Binnie Hale came to see Father Robert as a missionary, and Sam Livesey was being congratulated on the excellence of his Barrie's performance. The Liveseys must have had a nerve-racking week, for Roger's *première* in "Sour Grapes" was just a few days before. He carries off the acting honours as the lover in that play, so is about all square with Brother Barrie.

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It 's obviously not so dangerous to have a distinguished father as some people would have us believe! Ernest H. Shepard, the well-known artist, must have endured an attack of parental pride and puffed-uppishness this week, too. His son Graham Shepard had his first novel published (it 's got the intriguing name of "Tea-Tray in the Sky," and is definitely unusual); and his daughter Mary is also in the news, for "Mary Poppins," a children's book by P. L. Travers, which came out this week, has amusing and imaginatively happy illustrations from her pen.

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MISS ISABEL BECKWITH, younger daughter of Major W. M. Beckwith and of Lady Muriel Derek Jones, is engaged to CAPTAIN JOHN HARGREAVES ELWES, Scots Guards, son of Lieut.-Col. H. C. Elwes, of Colesborne, Gloucestershire, and of Mrs. Elwes.

Mrs. Ismay's dance at Bembridge got full marks from everyone who attended it. It was held on a lovely fine night, so the idea of dancing out of doors in the illuminated garden went with a swing. I 've never before heard of a mother and débutante daughter both wearing the same coloured frocks, but Mrs. Ismay and Pamela were both dressed in a similar shade of deep blue, but in different materials. Both, however, had feather capes, and both looked well.

Two Princes—the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George—were present, and the standard of looks among the girls was very high. Lady "Georgie" Curzon and Miss Marye Pole-Carew perhaps took first prize; while among the married women, Lady Willoughby de Broke, who still wears her hair in plaited circles over the ears, and Lady Fiona Fuller, get the bun.

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MISS JUNE and MISS EUGÉNIE O'MALLEY-KEYES are two well-known figures in Biarritz society. They are daughters of Mrs. Middleton O'Malley-Keyes.

The romantic setting of Lady Bedingfeld's and Mrs. Charles Howard's dance at fifteenth-century Oxburgh, must have added to its charms. Cars had to drive across the drawbridge into the courtyard, and couples who enjoyed breathing the fresh air between dances had to cross the moat to reach the garden, and watch their step, as they wandered about, for it 's full of water!

The Euston party was unlucky, for Lady Jane Fitzroy, sister of the young Duke, was ill in bed, and could not come. Lady Georgina Hay (who, I need hardly tell you, wore a flowered frock in which her favourite blue predominated), Miss Pamela Ritchie, and Mr. John Nelson were in the Ducal party.

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Lady Hastings, who chaperoned a contingent from Melton Constable, is a dancing mother and was taking the floor with Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, M.F.H.

MRS. BAISS, MISS CLAUDIA BLACKBURN and MR. J. A. BLACKBURN are seen at Forfar for the cricket match between Lord Carnegie's XI. and Strathmore. Miss Blackburn is the youngest daughter of Lady Constance Blackburn, who is a sister of Lord Strathmore.

She brought her youngest girl, Jean Astley, who has inherited her auburn hair and clear skin. She is a 1935 débutante and an important one at that.

"Pom" Pike, daughter of Olive Snell, the artist, had her hair done in an exciting way, plaited into a coronet round her head. She has the classic good looks of the Pike family and this style suits her. Mrs. Richard Bethell brought her Nefertari; Diane Chamberlain came over from Bayfield, and, in fact, it was almost a London season dance all over again!

Young men included Lord Rocksavage and his brother John Cholmondeley from Houghton, and Lords Townshend and Walpole. Lord Townshend was dancing with Miss Jeanne Stourton. She was dressed in rather mature garments, a black dress and a ruby three-quarter coat with bishop's sleeves; and wore simply huge Spanish ear-rings.

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From the Borders I hear that rain did its best to spoil the social side of the annual judging of the Buccleuch Hunt Puppies at the Kennels, St. Boswells. Wet and cold, however, don't affect the beauty of Lady Dalkeith, the wife of the Master. She looked as charming as ever; and was supported by a great clan of Scotts, beginning with her own young people, Lord Eskdaill, and the Ladies Elizabeth and Caroline Scott, and continuing with Lord Henry and Lord George Scott and one of the latter's twins, Marjorie, to be precise. Lady Lauderdale came over from Thirlestane with her daughter Lady Sylvia, and there was a great concourse of Border folk, but whether they all had nice new tweeds or not it was impossible for my spy to say, as they all wore mackintoshes.

This photograph of MRS. WALTER HUTCHINSON, wife of the well-known publisher, with her baby daughter, was taken on the occasion of Miss Hutchinson's christening at the famous old Priory Abbey, at Christchurch, Hants. The child received the names of DIANA FRANCES MARGARET. She is seven months old.

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The Duke of Buccleuch has now gone to Drumlanrig for the shooting, and parties have, of course, gathered everywhere to have a go at the grouse. It's nice to count up a few that are not syndicated! Lord Home, for instance, has mostly family guests at his lovely Lanarkshire seat, Douglas Castle. Lord Ellesmere, Lord Brackley and Lady Mary Egerton are a father, son and daughter who all went for the 13th. Lady Ellesmere is still away in Switzerland recovering from her illness and has Mrs. Edward Strutt with her.

MISS PAULINE FLETCHER, youngest daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Fletcher, is engaged to Mr. Christopher York, the Royal Dragoons, eldest son of Colonel Edward York, of Hutton Hall, Long Marston, York.

LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY (l.) and MISS MAYNARD are having a little light refreshment after playing in the Minehead Lawn Tennis Tournament.

Mr. Ramsay of Bowland had a party, too, last week, which included the popular Captain Frankie Montgomerie. Bowland stands in the most lovely position at the summit of a hill. Mrs. Ramsay, who is Lord Beaverbrook's sister, is responsible for the charming water garden which lies in front of the house at the bottom of the steeply sloping lawns, and she has also decorated the interior of the house in a very contemporary manner.

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Rye spells either golf or English history to most people. This week it stands for music, for the Handel Festival, which began on Monday, will make it a *venue* for enthusiasts in the south of England. The prime mover in entertaining there is Lady Maud Warrender. She is herself a good musician and used to sing a great deal. She is particularly interested in Handel, not only because she loves his compositions, but because he is supposed to have written part of "The Messiah" at her old home, St. Giles's House, Dorset.

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"At the beginning of each season on the Riviera," says my sophisticated spy, "a rumour always starts that sunburn has gone out, and that the fashionable women have decided to stay white! But this is always just a rumour, for to preserve a lily-and-roses complexion would mean a high-necked, long-sleeved bathing dress, with a mask for the face. Otherwise it is quite impossible to keep a pale skin, even though one may be a Nordic blonde. As nowadays it is chic to swim well—is not the sea at Eden Roc fathoms deep?—we have to make up our minds to be as Tahitan as possible! Incidentally, Miss Margaret Morris, in a pink bathing dress, looks as though she had stepped out of a Gauguin picture. Shorts are the vogue, though they are not particularly becoming to every figure; beach dresses take a second place and pyjamas are almost extinct, though occasionally one sees an elegant woman wearing a pair, sometimes in black crêpe-de-chine, very full with a different-coloured top. Tailored silk dresses are favoured and nails, lips, and toe-nails should match, unless the nacre, pink mother-of-pearl effect is desired.

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"Aquaplaning has been in favour for years, but it was considered too tame in its ordinary form, so instead of the usual board, wooden skis are now used. This makes the sport fun to watch but terribly difficult to indulge in. The less skilful swimmers can disport themselves on the sandy Plage de la Garoupe. Mistinguett, whose legs are as lovely as ever, is a daily visitor there.

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"The Tahitan note is further struck at Juan-les-pins by the fact that many a ravishing creature goes into the water with a cute little wreath of rubber flowers stuck jauntily on one side of the head. This is very good."—Mariegold.

VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH are here posed with their infant daughter, ANNABEL STEWART, who has just been christened. The older child is the HON. JANE FRANCES STEWART, who was born in 1932.

VISCOUNTESS SELBY, ZANDRA, JONNÉ—AND THE SWANS.

VISCOUNTESS SELBY, the young wife of Viscount Selby, is a croquet "fan." Her opponent is her sister, MISS JONNÉ BRISCOE-GEORGE.

VISCOUNTESS SELBY, formerly Miss Veronica Briscoe-George, married the third Lord Selby in 1933. They will winter in London.

The HON. ALEXANDRA HELEN GULLY, called "ZANDRA" for short, is the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Selby.

(Left) A charming river study of LADY SELBY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR A. OWEN.

GRAN'POP GETS READY FOR THE SHOW.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

Gilbert Cousland

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

is answering the increasing demand for a British Ale, as a light, refreshing beverage at supper, after the theatre or dance.

TRADE MARK

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PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

AN A.R.A. SUGGESTING AN A.B.

MRS. DOD PROCTER, the distinguished artist and wife of Mr. Ernest Procter, an A.R.A. since 1932, was this year elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. She is the third woman artist to receive the honour in recent years, and the second to share the honour with her husband. In our photograph she is wearing a very smart feminine version of an A.B.'s outfit—a natty "Jack Tar" hat and a stitched "sailor" collar.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE new home of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in Portland Place, is to be the most modern of all London's 1934 buildings. MR. BRUCE COPNALL, whose mural decorations are a feature, is now at work on a "vanishing" wall! This does not mean that there is anything impermanent in his decorations, but just that the "wall" on which they are painted is of canvas stretched on an iron frame. It can be wound away into a slot when a greater amount of space is required. The lighting scheme in the reception hall will be remarkable. Nitrogen-gas tubes, partly concealed, will give a diffused illumination on festive occasions, and from the window-sills light will play upwards on the face of the tall curtains. But when the students are sitting there, poring over their

[Continued below.

MR. BRUCE COPNALL—FOR PAINTING FOR POSTERITY ON A VANISHING WALL.

MR. J. B. RAY (winner of the spring-board diving event for men at the Empire Games)—FOR EXERCISING HIMSELF AT DIVING WITH THE AID OF A SPRING-BOARD AND A SAND-HEAP IN HIS GARDEN; PLUS A CRASH HELMET!

plans, a cold, hard light will come from the ceiling—a draughtsman's light, and perfect to work by.

APART from Bradman's batting during the present series of Tests, discussion has been chiefly centred on the position of Larwood (Notts) and VOCE (Notts), as right- and left-handed fast bowlers of "leg theory." Incidentally, Voce, playing in the recent Notts *v.* Australia match, took eight wickets for 66 runs, bowling "leg theory."

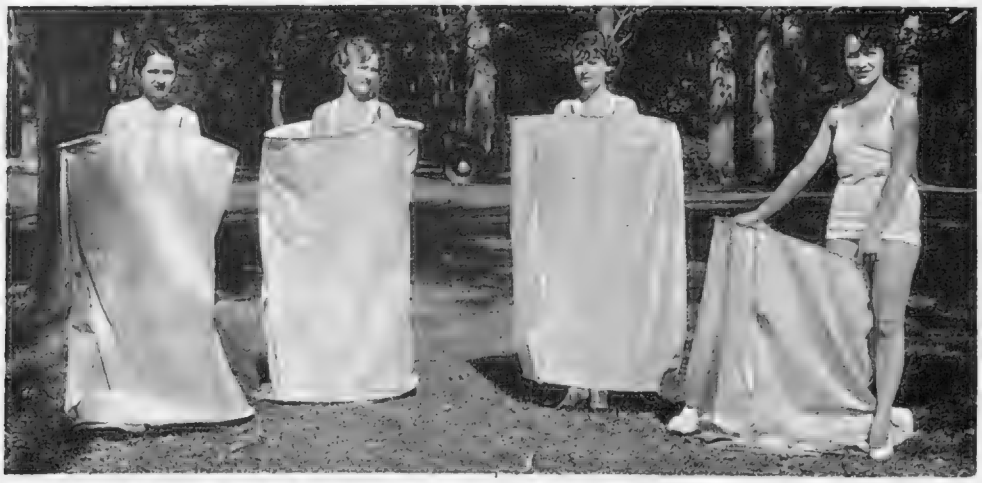
THE girls from Walla Walla, in the State of Washington, are very practical bathers, as they have made what they call "any place," or "Jiffy," bathing-tents. Two wire hoops, one at the top and one at the bottom, make the frame, and canvas is stretched over them. Two straps across the top hold the device up on the shoulder and with these portable dressing-rooms the girls can go swimming at any place without the bother of queueing up to get a dressing-room.

[Continued above.

MR. J. B. RAY, the diving champion, is not able to spend as much time as he would like in swimming-baths or at the sea-side, but he has fixed matters in his back garden so that he can keep his diving muscles in practice by the aid of a spring-board and a nice soft sand-heap—into which (we presume) he does NOT take headers! However, he wears a crash-helmet, just to be quite sure that there will be no nasty casualty.

MISS HILDA WORDSWORTH, aged twenty-one, of Leigh-on-Sea, was elected Carnival Queen of Southend-on-Sea, and duly crowned by Miss Jessie Matthews, the well-known film star and actress. The ceremony took place, very appropriately, at the Gaumont Palace.

VOCE—FOR MAKING PEOPLE TALK ANYTHING BUT SOTTO-VOCE.



THESE GIRLS OF WALLA WALLA—FOR THEIR HOME-MADE JIFFY (OR ANY-PLACE) BATHING-TENTS, WHICH ENABLE THEM TO GO SWIMMING AT ANY PLACE OR ANY TIME WITHOUT HAVING TO WAIT THEIR TURN FOR A CABIN.

MISS HILDA WORDSWORTH—FOR BEING CROWNED BY *MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS* AS BEAUTY QUEEN OF SOUTHEND-ON-SEA CARNIVAL.

LAND, SEA, AND SKY SUBJECTS.

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH is giving an unofficial lecture on the art of sailing a racing yacht to a juvenile audience in the U.S.A. He is using a model yacht to demonstrate his points.

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH (left) and LADY LEON are seen working on the rigging of "Endeavour" while she was being refitted on arrival in the U.S.A. for her attempt to win the "America's" Cup.

The EARL OF WILLINGDON, Viceroy of India, left for India by air. VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS RATENDONE, are waving him good-bye.

MISS MARJORIE GLASGOW, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham Glasgow, is engaged to Lord Cochrane, elder son of the Earl of Dundonald. She is very popular in London Society.

This attractive study of the HON. LADY BARLOW and her daughter, JENNIFER BARLOW, was taken at Bradwell Manor, Sandbach, Cheshire. Lady Barlow is a daughter of the first Lord Rochdale.

"CANDIDA" "VELSHEDA" "ASTRA" "BRITANNIA" "SHAMROCK

THE BIG CLASS —
WITH THEIR DISTINGUISHING COLOURED HULLS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRA

"ENDEAVOUR"

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.

This year the yachts of the 23-metre, or "J," class present an even brighter scene than usual as they manœuvre, like lovely great birds, on the blue water, for their hulls are painted in distinctive colours; following the custom of sailing-boats of smaller classes. This is not only decorative, but is helpful to spectators, as it makes the boats more easily identified when the numbers on their sails cannot be seen. Mr. Mason's picture shows the chief cutters of the day in their brave new "war-paint." "CANDIDA'S" hull is white, with a grey mast and boot-top; "VELSHEDA" has a bright-red boot-top under her white sides; "ASTRA" is jade green; "BRITANNIA," the King's famous yacht, with more than 450 prizes to her credit, remains black, as always; "SHAMROCK" is R.A.F. blue; and the hull of "ENDEAVOUR," Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's challenger for the "America's" Cup, is royal blue. "Endeavour," which has just been refitted in the U.S.A., had her first practice spin in her full sailing rig-out there last week.

1. MRS. VALENTINE FLEMING is sitting on the sands of the original (Venetian) Lido, with her daughter, AMARYLLIS MARIE LOUISE, and DONNA YOI MARAINI, whose husband has organised the wonderful exhibition of paintings now open in Venice. Little Miss Fleming was named after her godmother, Princess Marie Louise.

2. The HON. ALINE PARTINGTON spent a few hours on the Lido Beach on her way to Brioni with Miss Marjorie Glasgow, who has just become engaged to Lord Cochrane. She is Lord Doverdale's daughter.

3. MISS FLORRIE OWEN is deliciously youthful and attractive in white flannel shorts and a green silk shirt. She is the débutante daughter of Mr. Richard Owen and Mrs. Du Pont Coudert, and a niece of Lady (Denzil) Cope.

4. MARTA ABBA is one of the most famous actresses in Italy. She interprets Pirandello's difficult rôles admirably. She is on holiday at the Lido, after playing Olivia in the Reinhardt production of "The Merchant of Venice" in Venice.

5. Life on the Lido is the reverse of hectic! Sun-bathers even find time to read, as this snapshot of PRINCE JEAN-LOUIS DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE proves. His wife was formerly Miss Baba d'Erlanger.

6. BARONNE TREVES, PRINCESS PICCE RUSPOLI, and CONTESSA CELLINI are in this group. Princess Ruspoli's brown linen is most attractive.

THE ORIGINAL (VENETIAN) LIDO.

TAUBER AS SCHUBERT—AND HIS "BLOSSOM TIME" VICKI.

RICHARD TAUBER, the world-famous Austrian tenor, will be seen and heard this week as Schubert in "BLOSSOM TIME," his first British picture, a new B.I.P. production due at the Regal on Friday next, August 24. It is a romance to the music of Schubert and gives Tauber the opportunity of singing a number of Schubert's songs, specially adapted by G. H. Clutsam. Miss Jane Baxter plays the heroine, Vicki, and Miss Athene Seyler is the Archduchess. The picture was directed by Paul Stein at Elstree.

GEORGE ROBEY AND ANNA MAY WONG IN THE PICTURE "CHU CHIN CHOW."

Ali Baba, the cheerful poor relation of the rich merchant, is a superb part for MR. GEORGE ROBEY. Here he is finding his way into the famous robbers' cave, full of treasure.

The Gainsborough picture version of "CHU CHIN CHOW," the "Arabian Nights" story which was such a big hit as a stage play in war-time, has come to the Tivoli. This is the Slave Market scene, with MISS ANNA MAY WONG as Zahrat. The music, by Frederic Norton, which was such an attraction of the stage, is an equally important feature of the picture.

MISS ANNA MAY WONG as Zahrat, the slave girl.

MISS SIDNEY FAIRBROTHER is Mahbubah, the trying old wife of Ali Baba.

A striking study of Zahrat, the slave girl, played by MISS ANNA MAY WONG.

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CRAVEN
For your throat's sake - smoke Craven "A"

HOLLYWOOD PRESENTS CLEOPATRA.

MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT *plays Cleopatra. She is represented as lying on a couch with a background made of hundreds of ostrich plumes in fan-formation.*

The latest great historical figure to be presented on the screen is "CLEOPATRA." The Paramount picture dealing with her life is a Cecil B. de Mille production, which has just come to the Carlton. This is the scene in the Roman Baths.

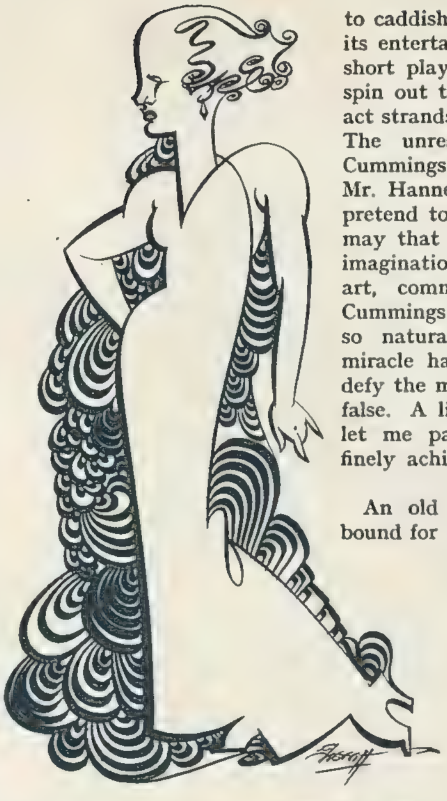
This is a notable scene of revelry on Cleopatra's barge. A dancer is posed on the back of the bull.

(Right) MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT *and* MR. HENRY WILCOXON *are here seen as Cleopatra and her lover, Marc Antony. The film deals with her relations with both Julius Cæsar and Marc Antony.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

IT was the fate of the old painter in Balzac's great story, "The Unknown Masterpiece," to hunger vainly for the ideal to the end, and in the final moment of expected realisation to grasp at a shadow. This, in substance, is the theme of Mr. Vincent Lawrence's play, "SOUR GRAPES," at the Apollo, where husband and wife, finding marriage more prosaic a state than they had dreamed on as passionate lovers, try in the end desperately to recapture even a shadow of the might-have-been. It is a fruitful theme, instinct with dramatic possibilities. Can love be stirred to flame from dead ashes? Can fate, which has divided them with a yawning gulf, be successfully defied? The brilliant opening act sets the problem explicitly, and at once our interest is sharpened, for husband, wife, and lover are drawn with such sureness of delineation and such analysis of motive that we feel these are not puppets on strings to be pulled into situations, but authentic characters. What will their destiny be? There is an incompatibility of disposition subtly indicated at the outset, for the husband prefers Alice in a flowered dress, while the lover admires her in the enchanting pink, and it is emphasised when Jack prefers his slippers on the hearth, while she anticipates the fun of a party. Already we have that unconscious conflict which becomes self-aware through the passionate persuasions of the lover. Once fully conscious, the beauty of the woman becomes a husk to the husband, the generosity of the man an offence to the wife. They face each other with the stark truth between them that love is dead. "Shall we celebrate?" cries Alice defiantly. "What—celebrate a funeral!" replies Jack.



MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS plays Alice Overton in "SOUR GRAPES," at the Apollo Theatre. Who, one wonders, could possibly want to divorce a wife like this?

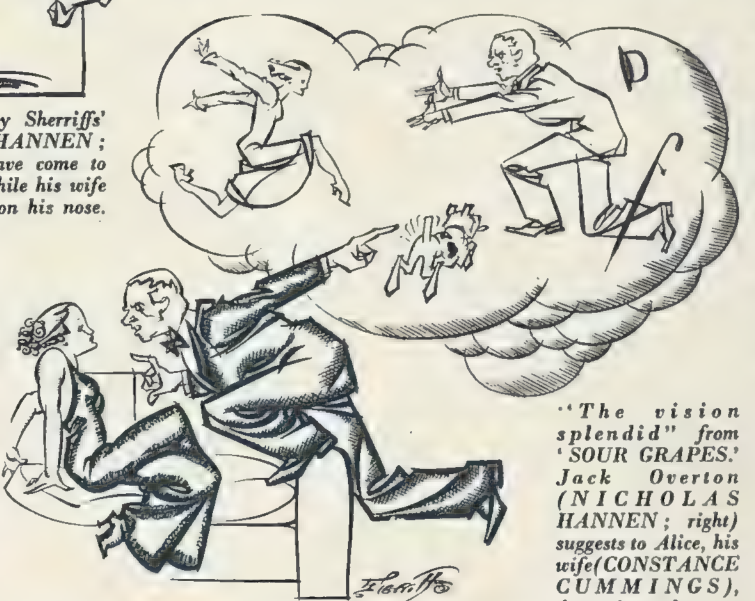
"Diversions for those about to be divorced" are here illustrated by Sherriffs' impression from "SOUR GRAPES." Jack Overton (NICHOLAS HANNEN; right) and his wife Alice (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS), who have come to the parting of the ways, find time hang very heavy on their hands. While his wife yawns, Jack practises the useful accomplishment of balancing a pipe on his nose.

But the second act fails, not as piece of theatre, but as a development of the potentialities. Adroitness displaces imagination and accomplished acting glosses what ceases to be inevitably convincing. Miss Judy Gunn, as Margaret, the jilted girl, repeats her tensely emotional moment of the first scene, but this time its authenticity is destroyed by the knowledge that it is only a device to remove the lover finally from the stage. Mr. Roger Livesey, in his agonised fervour as lover, had made the love he bore for his friend's wife a genuine and tragic emotion, and this *démarche* reduced it to caddishness. The writing preserves its *flair* and the episode has its entertaining audacities, but the play remains static. As it is a short play, the suspicion is the second intrusive act was contrived to spin out time rather than allow passions to spin the plot. The last act strands husband and wife together, and again the play breathes. The unresolved issues must be faced, and 'twixt Miss Constance Cummings and Mr. Nicholas Hannen the battle is fought. It is Mr. Hannen who decides, like Curtius, to leap the chasm. "Let us pretend to be lovers," he urges, vainly trusting that they, together, may that way find love. It is a masterly passage, where playful imagination masks aching desperation, and he takes it with perfect art, communicating all the tensity beneath the surface. Miss Cummings brings a rare beauty and understanding to her part—so natural, so sincere, and so revealing—and when at last the miracle happens and the wife joins hands with the husband to defy the mocking gods, so genuine is the mood that nothing seems false. A life-time stretches beyond—and another play. Meanwhile, let me pay tribute to a work, though uneven, clearly imagined, finely achieved and beautifully played.

An old tub of a tramp steamer loading in a small China port, bound for Singapore, takes on a "QUEER CARGO," and we know as soon as the curtain rises this is not one of those boats that Conrad and Masefield and Kipling have so faithfully described, but a theatrical ship, so we are assured of a lively passage at the Piccadilly. There's a mild missionary and a milder spinster—both from the farcical store; a whimpering knave of an Englishman, who makes conquests with ladies and cringes before danger; a villainous Irishman, who leads a mutinous crew; and a smooth, courteous, rascally pirate in the offing—these from the criminal gallery—and a stubborn, quick-fisted, upright, romantic captain, with a pretty lady wilfully on the passenger list to provide a love-story. And, as if there were not enough blasting powder in this assortment, £50,000 worth of pearls as a prize.

But where are they? There are violences enough in that state-room before the boat is boarded and Mr. Barrie Livesey shows the captain's mettle when he takes up the challenge of Mr. Raymond Lovell's fearsome mutineer and puts his fist forcibly to the chin of Mr. Barry Sinclair's white-livered traitor. But when Monsieur Vibart, the fawning pirate, comes aboard, we are in a theatrical sea of possibilities and chartered improbabilities. For Vibart, sixteen years before, was on a sinking "Q"-ship, and Myers robbed him of his lifebelt in his cowardly anxiety to save himself, and it was the captain who saved him. "When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning," or on the China Seas. Mr. Franklin Dyall spat out revenge, and, true to his pirate's career, made Vibart cancel out his obligations to the man who once saved his life. Each calls each other's bluff. Mr. Barrie Livesey, with all the odds against him, is undefeated, while Mr. Robert Hale and Miss Drusilla Wills lend gentle, righteous support, and Miss Mary Brackley inspires, for now she has told her love. When the battle seems lost, it is won, for at the critical moment the tub bumps in a fog into an English destroyer, and Lieutenant Stocken, R.N., is soon examining papers, for the Navy is out for Vibart. They do not do the obvious. Vibart is shielded to provide another exciting gesture before the end.

G. F. H.



"The vision splendid" from 'SOUR GRAPES.' Jack Overton (NICHOLAS HANNEN; right) suggests to Alice, his wife (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS), that since they no longer love each other, suppose they pretend to. Suppose, for instance, he abandons the tired business manner, and really runs home to her, while she runs out to meet him! The wife, naturally, has hysterics.

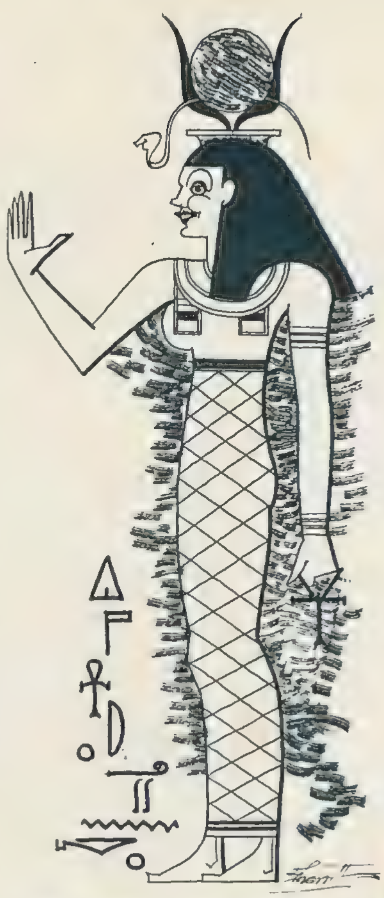
PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.30. Season of Shakespeare, etc.—"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New). 8.30.—"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—"LABURNUM GROVE" (Queen's). 8.30.—"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—"SIXTEEN" (Criterion). 8.30.—"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

THE manners and modes of thirty years ago are such an unfailing source of amusement to the present generation that a trivial story played in burlesque is able to hide a lack of real humour beneath its antiquated costumes. Nevertheless, I must confess that the sight of W. C. Fields wearing the tall beaver hat, astrakhan collar, and white spats affected by "the Great McGonigle" in "THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY" (Plaza) moved me to such unreasoning mirth that I was quite willing to forgive any such shortcomings. The film covers a day or two in the life of the McGonigle Repertory Company. It shows us the Great McGonigle bluffing the sheriffs and landladies who beset him with writs and unpaid bills, and gives us a final glimpse of the "greatest tragedian of the age" using his histrionic power as the salesmen of a quack cough cure. Mr. Fields' comedy is of a kind which finds its fullest expression in incident, so that the hard and fast demands of a plot could only curb his performance. The inconsequential occurrences related in "The Old-Fashioned Way" provide first-rate material for a first-rate buffoon.

The photographed stage farce has had its day; for the general public are definitely tiring of the old piecemeal transplanting to the screen of stage material in its theatre form. The excuse given was, of course, the brilliance of the material and its theatrical success. What, then, are we to say of material that has little to recompense us for its resolute staginess and rigid unsuitability for the medium? Mr. Sydney Howard's new film, "GIRLS PLEASE," which is to be seen at the Leicester Square Theatre, is not a translation from the theatre, but is, nevertheless, stage stuff. Its mild humours show a complete disregard of the first rule of cinema—"Girls Please" never moves. Mr. Howard puts a bold front on the comic inadequacies of his part, but bricks cannot be made without straw, and this dialogue would defy the comic genius. His director must manœuvre him more carefully in future. One of our most popular comedians deserves better handling. Jane Baxter does her best with an unpromising part, and there is a pretty musical comedy chorus masquerading as schoolgirls.



This Sherriffs study shows MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT as Cleopatra giving the "come-on" signal to Julius Cæsar and the boys. It is what might be called a Later-Paramount Dynasty work of art from the picture now at the Carlton.

The comedy of Will Rogers in "HANDY ANDY" (Capitol) is without the spirit of caricature which characterises the work both of Mr. Fields and of Mr. Howard. As the owner of a small-town drug-store, forced to retire from business so that he may share the social activities of an ambitious wife, Mr. Rogers has one of those "rough diamond" rôles for which he is famous. He brings a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, masculine clumsiness and kindheartedness to his portrayal, which is only marred by a brief interlude when he impersonates Tarzan at a fancy-dress ball. In the less sympathetic part of the wife, Peggy Wood gives able support, contributing also a couple of songs, while Mary Carlisle, a trifle too arch, perhaps, provides the romantic element with Robert Taylor, a promising newcomer to the screen. Directed by David Butler, who has been responsible for several of Mr. Rogers' previous pictures, "Handy Andy" moves at a leisurely but pleasant pace thoroughly in keeping with the personality of its star.

The story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves is one which every child knows, while the music of "Chu Chin Chow" is familiar to most of us who can remember the tremendous success scored by Mr. Oscar Asche's famous musical show during its run in London from 1916 till 1921. To the Gainsborough studios and the clever direction of Mr. Walter Forde we owe the screen version of "CHU CHIN CHOW" (Tivoli), a production of such brilliant prodigality that the imagined splendours of the Arabian Nights pale in comparison. The original music accompanies the film throughout, and the songs which thrilled war-time London are rendered by George Robey, a most resourceful and engaging Ali Baba; John Garrick, who brings a fine voice to the singing of Nur-al-Din's romantic numbers; Mr. Jetsam (of Flotsam and Jetsam), and Frank Cochrane, who gives new life to the "Cobbler's Song." But the best performance of the lot is that of Fritz Kortner, who, as the villainous Abu Hasan, throws restraint to the winds and gives a magnificent portrayal on a truly fantastic scale. You will not be disappointed in this picture, which confidently recaptures the spirit of its inspiration.

At the Carlton there is to be seen the eagerly awaited Cecil B. de Mille film, "CLEOPATRA."

After visiting "CLEOPATRA" at the Carlton, Sherriffs looked for this kind of coin in his change! It bears the head of WARREN WILLIAM as Julius Cæsar.

Here again is spectacle which, by its extravagance, almost dwarfs the lavishness of "Chu Chin Chow," just as it hinders the action of a semi-historical drama originating from Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." In short—just the type of superlative "hokum" that we have come to expect from Mr. de Mille, with a munificence of Egyptian atmosphere, masterly photography of crowd and battle scenes with plenty of vigorous movement. Those familiar with Shakespeare's lovely verse will regret Claudette Colbert's American intonations and the banal modern dialogue, while others may deplore the interpretation of historical fact which offers as the reason for Cæsar's murder his injudicious love for Cleopatra. To such I would say: Forget history for a while and enjoy Mr. de Mille's pomp and panoply without prejudice. Be charmed by Henry Wilcoxon's robust Marc Antony—he has won a contract by his performance in this picture. Admire the ease with which Warren William assumes the character of the over-confident Cæsar, and let Claudette Colbert's beauty compensate for what she lacks in majesty. B. T.

This represents a comic interlude in the film, "CLEOPATRA." MR. HENRY WILCOXON is Marc Antony.

A FILM YOU MUST SEE: "CHU CHIN CHOW" (Tivoli). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "CLEOPATRA" (Carlton).—"THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY" (Plaza).—"A CUP OF KINDNESS" (New Gallery).—"ROMAN SCANDALS" (Marble Arch Pavilion). **FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "HANDY ANDY"—(Capitol). "GIRLS PLEASE" (Leicester Square Theatre).

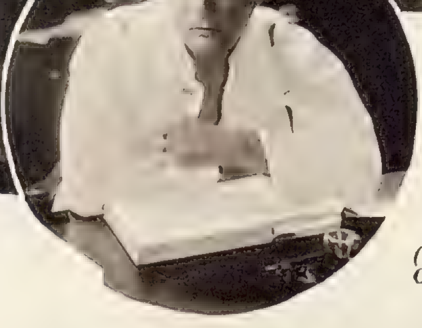
"SOUR GRAPES" AND "QUEER CARGO" INCIDENTS.

"SOUR GRAPES," at the Apollo. Margaret Lawson (JUDY GUNN) is kissing her fiancé, Jim (ROGER LIVESEY), in front of her best friend, Alice (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS), blissfully unaware that Jim no longer loves her, but Alice; for "Sour Grapes" shows the course of untrue love running very roughly.

"SOUR GRAPES," at the Apollo. Jack Overton (NICHOLAS HANNEN) and his wife, Alice (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS), don't love each other any more, but are not going to get divorced. Here they are trying to stage a come-back of love. Alice is doing the attraction act.

MR. ROBERT HALE plays the part of the guileless missionary, the Rev. James Travers, in "QUEER CARGO."

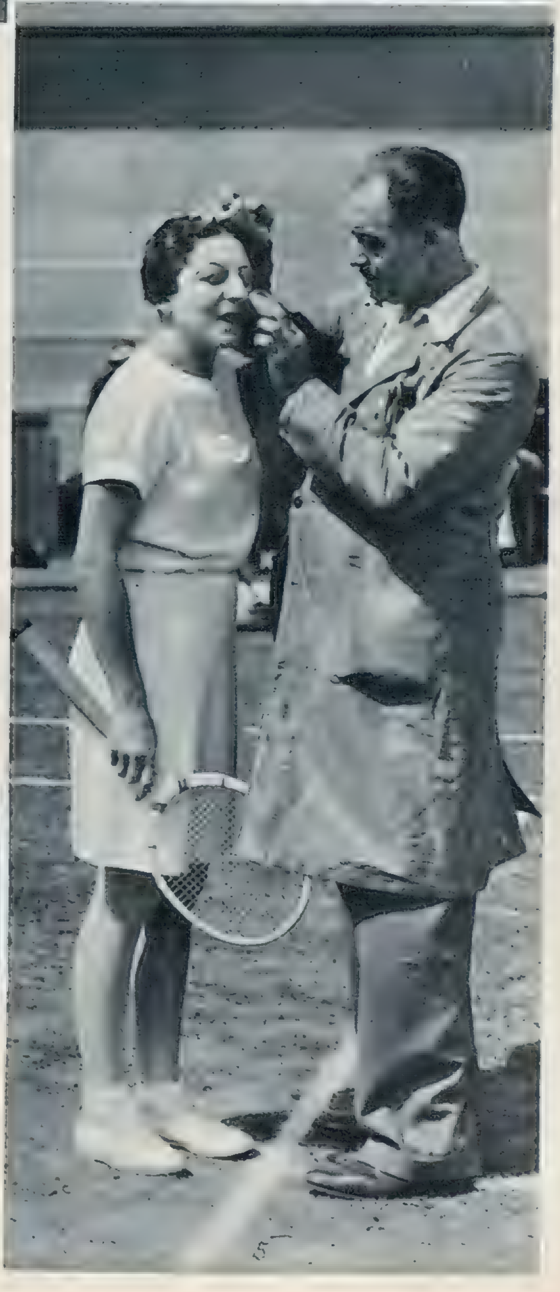
"QUEER CARGO," at the Piccadilly. This is a piratical, "Boys'-Own-Paperish," play aboard ship. The characters are (l. to r.) Vibart (FRANKLIN DYALL), Myers (BARRY SINCLAIR), Charmian (MARY BRACKLEY), Captain Harley (BARRIE LIVESEY), the Rev. J. Travers (ROBERT HALE), and Miss Travers (DRUSILLA WILLS).



(Left) MR. BARRIE LIVESEY gives a superb performance as Captain Harley, the 100 per cent. he-man hero of "QUEER CARGO."

CICELY COURTNEIDGE BEATS SUZANNE LENGLEN—IN "SCHOOLDAYS."

1. *MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE plays Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in the final of the Women's Lawn Tennis Championships — and beats her! This amazing scene is staged in "SCHOOLDAYS," the new Gaumont - British picture. Cicely is really a circus proprietor, but masquerades as her schoolmistress sister in order to keep the news of her elopement secret. As the sister has qualified to meet Lenglen in the final, Cicely has to take her place. This is how the game is "shot" at Elstree.*



2. *MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN gave MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE some instruction in lawn tennis for the film scene.*

3. *MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN gives a graceful and athletic display for her part in the film lawn tennis match.*

4. *MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE is here taking a backhand shot. In the picture, after many comical and amusing incidents, she is represented as beating Mlle. Lenglen.*

5. *MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN is here having her make-up perfected by an expert.*

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. VII: GARY COOPER.

FOR the Jetta Goudals, Carole Lombards and Joan Crawfords of this world, Hollywood is, admittedly, a perfect playground, for they, like children who are bribed to do what they like, are paid to gyrate their facial affectations and grimaces to their hearts' content in front of a grinding camera; but how any simple, fresh-air loving person can remain for longer than a sight-seeing trip, how some nice girl, who looks as though she ought to be a hospital nurse or children's companion, like Anne Harding, or some homely soul, like Polly Moran, who, one would imagine, could see no magic in a stick of grease paint and would blanch at the approach of a kodak, can survive this hotbed of artificiality, I, for one, can never imagine. Can you? You *can*? Well, whether the victims like it or not, there are large audiences who, perversely, demand to see these untamed specimens entrapped within the asbestos walls of the talkie studios, fighting an up-hill battle against self-consciousness, in the parching rays of a hundred limelights in front of tell-tale cameras and registering sound track.

An audience is impressed by a flash-light close-up of a lion in a jungle and, for the same reason that it would be more impressed if the lion had mascaraed eyelashes, Gary Cooper, that naïve Montana youth from the dude ranches, enjoyed his first success in the *papier mâché* confines of Hollywood, where he was so obviously out of his element out of the saddle, with grease-paint covering his Adam's apple and his hair set in waves by the company's coiffeur. To the ladies of, and without, independent means, this stray, ingenuous colt spelt romance and caused many a heart to miss a throb. To watch the antics of this lanky lad in Hollywood was like watching an eagle in a cage, but the weekly cheque inspired him to remain, and no sooner was one picture finished than another was begun, until he could bear the cage no longer and although, normally, the healthiest of animals, he became so emaciated that the studio insisted on his fattening up on milk. He suffered a nervous breakdown; a game-shooting expedition followed his recuperation, and now he has, at last, become acclimatised to this new mode of living and has settled down in Hollywood, but we must not skip too far ahead, we return——

1930. This new hero, the Western cowboy, was wonderfully good-looking, with agate eyes, heavily shuttered with thick lashes, a fine lean figure with enormous shoulders, hairy chest, flat cardboard flanks, hipless, with big hands, expressive and sensitive as a negro's. He was the new Adonis, and photographed beautifully, as people with unimportant noses do (his general expression was one of cowed surprise). His deep voice, like the crackling of coke, recorded well, and he went through the necessary pantomime of acting at his director's command, without resistance, giving honest, conscientious performances in melodramas of old Virginia, in which he was featured in leather jerkins and studded belts, in scenes of breathless chases, rough shooting, and gangster's brawls in bars, saving Miss Mary Brian (in dimity) from worse than death. He acted with great dignity, and instinctively every gesture was perfect though it was said that many yards of film had to be cut before each shot, which registered him gulping, clearing the throat and wrinkling the forehead with the pain and discomfort of embarking on each scene. Although innately gentle-mannered, soft-hearted and generous, this quiet charmer was, at the same time, essentially the primitive man, fierce and bold, and sent cold streams of emotion down the spines of the audiences of ten different nations.

As a direct result of these melodramas, his fan mail became enormous, and the executives added at least another nought to the weekly cheque. The Cooper parents were bewildered, incredulous, and incapable of leading their former lives, hanging around the lot, talking to anyone who would listen to their panegyrics of their son. Life was all very strange and fortunate but, at the same time, unnerving and boring for the honest young lad from the dude ranch as he sat, trapped in his dressing-room on the lot (the walls hung with relics of the hunt), waiting for the call, surrounded by the inevitable Hollywood "Yes" men. He would talk wistfully, as a schoolboy talks of the end of the term, of the moment the film would be over and he would:

"Go into the desert and take a pot-shot at some tin can and have clean air in the lungs and good food in the belly" and, with cocked little finger, ornamented by a large signet ring, with great gesture and bravado, he would swig down a thimble-size glass of neat whisky. Gary Cooper does not talk much, but he is cleverer than you imagine, and you cannot make a joke at his expense without being made to feel caddish by his dignity and silent tolerance. He could not admire the restrained, lady-like qualities of his leading ladies, Miss Mary Brian and Miss June Collyer, and felt more in sympathy with the outspoken naturalness of Miss Lupe Velez, for he is, and always will be, essentially a "man's man."

Hollywood has changed him, but unlike most of the stage actors, he is still completely lacking in self-consciousness; he has never become a ham and the smile he gives to the camera has as ingenuous and disarming a quality as before. But though there was always a wise twinkle of understanding in his eyes, so that he could never be accused of being a simpleton, and though he retains his youthful charm, he has now grown up and puts up a convincing pretence of being a man of the world. The cowboy has put on a tail-coat and stepped into the drawing-room and married a "Social registerite," who is described in the film magazines as being of the "sophisticated type." The cowboy knows how to give a party and can even talk a bit about interior decoration, and I should not be at all surprised if he did not now remain long in bed in the mornings, unlike the old days when he would regularly rise at dawn, perhaps with the purpose of:

"Going into the desert to take a pot-shot at some old tin can and to get some clean air into the lungs and good food in the belly."

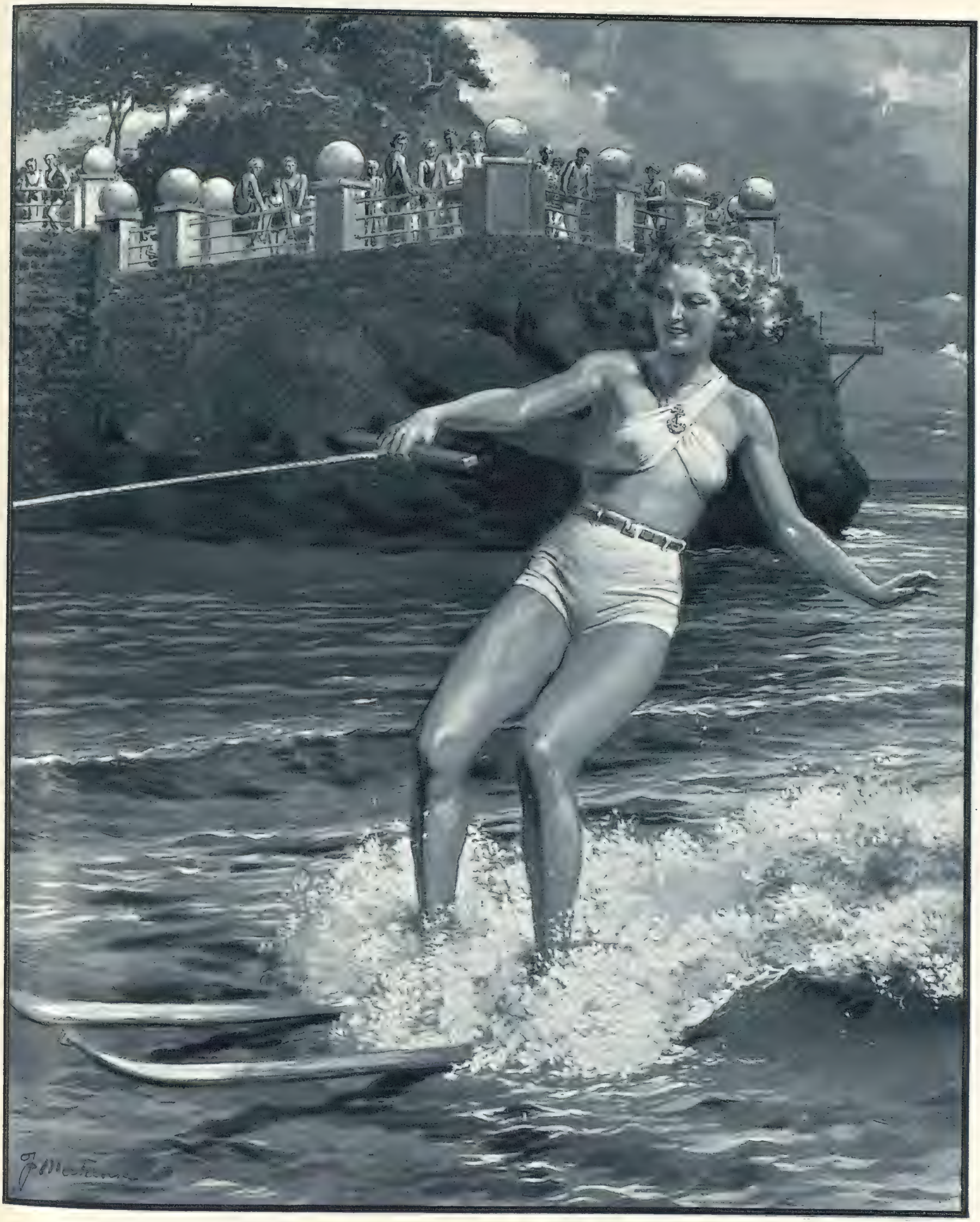
MR. GARY COOPER, whose character and talents are discussed by Mr. Cecil Beaton on this page, started work as a cartoonist on a Helene newspaper. In 1924 he set foot in Los Angeles, ambitious to become a commercial artist. For want of a job, he was glad to act as an advertising agent, but after three months he decided to have a shot at the pictures. For a whole year he worked as an extra, but made a small name for himself in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." When he joined Paramount and played in "The Texan," "The Virginian," and other he-man pictures, he became famous and is now one of the great box-office draws.

THE COWBOY STAR AND HIS "SOCIAL REGISTERITE" WIFE

MR. GARY COOPER, the Paramount star, who is the subject for the seventh of Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Personal Portraits of Film Stars," is here seen with his bride (the former Miss Sandra Shaw) playing host in true ranch style at their well-stocked country place in San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood. In discussing Gary Cooper, Mr. Beaton says: "The cowboy has put on a tail-coat and stepped into the drawing-room and married a 'social registerite' who is described in the film magazines as being of the 'sophisticated type.' The cowboy knows how to give a party. . . ." But he adds that, though Hollywood has changed Mr. Cooper, unlike most of the stage actors, he is still completely lacking in self-consciousness.

"ADMIRALS ALL" — THE AMPHIBIOUS ADVENTURE.

1. "ADMIRALS ALL," by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, at the Shaftesbury, is described as an amphibious adventure. Here the party are lunching peacefully on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. "Halifax." The characters are (l. to r.; round the table): Captain Knox (EDWARD HARBEN), Mr. Stallybrass (ERNEST JAY), Chief Petty Officer Dingle (AUBREY MATHER), Gloria (LAURA LA PLANTE), Ping Hi (JACK HOBBS), the Admiral (CLIVE CURRIE), Jean (DIANA BEAUMONT), Stephen Langham (GEOFFREY SUMNER), and Prudence (URSULA HIRST).
2. Admiral Sir William Westerham, K.C.B. (CLIVE CURRIE), having been captured by bandits, is set to menial tasks, so pretends to be a humble A.B., so that he may not lose "face." The bandits (left) are not really bandits, but the film-producers, Klotz (FREDERICK BURTWELL) and Larrabee (HENRY THOMPSON).
3. Gloria Gunn (LAURA LA PLANTE) with the Chinese bandit, Ping Hi (JACK HOBBS).
4. Prudence, Jean, and Gloria, the three girls, are played by the MISSES URSULA HIRST, DIANA BEAUMONT, and LAURA LA PLANTE.
5. The Admiral (CLIVE CURRIE), Chief Petty Officer Dingle (AUBREY MATHER), and Langham (GEOFFREY SUMNER) as captives.



Off the Point de la Vieille

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York — will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

It may well be that the name of Alexander Cruden is a household word with many of my readers; but I must confess that to me it only meant the author of the "Concordance" until, under the spell of Miss Olivier's biography, it began to conjure up a very real and vivid figure. I could not believe, when I started the book, that any compiler of a Concordance (surely the most uninspiring task a human being ever set himself) could have had an interesting, much less an eccentric career. Why, I asked myself, should Miss Olivier have taken the trouble to revive the memory of this deservedly forgotten Scottish worthy? But after the first few pages I knew why, and my only wonder now was that no one had thought of working this mine, so extraordinarily rich in human interest, before.

Hardly any of the major incidents of Cruden's life, if encountered in a work of fiction, would be accepted as credible! Take, for instance, the episode of his ill-fated readership to Lord Derby. When, in 1721 or 1722, Cruden sailed from Aberdeen to seek his fortune in London, he was still in the early twenties, a young man whose fortune consisted almost entirely in the learning he had amassed at Aberdeen. This learning included a nodding acquaintanceship with the French language—its vocabulary, not its pronunciation. Yet, so great was Cruden's self-confidence, that he unhesitatingly accepted the post of Reader in French to Lord Derby—a position, he was told, as dignified "as it were a station in Court." When he heard his Reader's rendering of the French tongue (Cruden's method was to spell out every word phonetically), Lord Derby, who in any case was quickly prone to boredom, naturally decided that Cruden was not fitted for the post. But he reckoned without Cruden's amazing obstinacy and persistence. Cruden simply would not accept dismissal. He wept, he entreated, he cajoled the servants, he took lessons in French, wrote his employer innumerable letters bristling with French phrases, and finally he rode to Knowsley, dug himself in there, and for a long time evaded expulsion.

Kindness and Cruelty. In these days he would have been got rid of quicker. Nothing is more surprising than the mixture of kindness and brutality with which Cruden was treated, and which, we suppose, must be typical of social life in the first seven decades of the eighteenth century. People were always found who were cruel to Cruden. Three times he was unjustifiably shut up in private lunatic asylums, more than once with the connivance of his relations. While there, he was stuffed into a strait-waistcoat, chained to his bed, and altogether treated with the utmost harshness. Yet he often found charitable souls to take pity on him and go out of their way to help him The elementary impulses in human nature, both towards kindness and cruelty, seem to have been stronger then than they are now. Cruelty, however, was left out of Cruden's composition—unless we regard as a form of cruelty the way he persecuted with offers of marriage various excellent ladies who found his attentions distasteful. And this is the more odd because Cruden was a reformer: contemporary manners, especially the want of Lord's Day observance at the universities, appalled him, and he set about "correcting" them (he styled himself "the Corrector") with a zeal comparable to John Wesley's. Yet his nature was free from the harshness that so often accompanies religious fanaticism. He was eager for his own advancement, but even more eager to help others, and his efforts to secure the reprieve of the young sailor condemned to death for fraudulently "receiving" thirty shillings, make a story so touching and beautiful one can hardly read it without tears.

Much of our fondness for Cruden, no doubt, is to be attributed to the judiciously sympathetic attitude, as well as the skill, of his biographer. In fact, "The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden" is the most fascinating and distinguished book that has come into my hands this year.

"Crack of Whips." A good many of the tales in "Crack of Whips" deal with fishing expeditions in Irish lakes and very pleasant reading they make; Mr. L. A. G. Strong himself could hardly have done them better. He would, perhaps, have got more lyrical feeling into them, and a stronger sense of fellowship among the fishermen. Mr. Manhood represents "the Novice" as a man of sturdy independence, intent on his job, not uncompanionable but not easily moved to enthusiasm by the spectacle of other people's skill. In "Paradise Lost," the narrator becomes decidedly callous; too callous, I think: it is hardly in human nature to despise a man you have just rescued from drowning, however worthless and ugly he may be. In the title-story, and again in "The Holly Tree," we note the same rather inhuman detachment. Both stories are clever and well told; but they both describe incidents so disagreeable and reflecting such an unpleasant light on human nature, that surely some word of comment or interpretation was needed; while "Juggernaut" gets quite a gay effect out of the destruction of a man's wife and home by a runaway steam-roller. Similarly, in "Bad Luck from Brazil," a child, "crawling in earnest play along a hedge," is cheerfully sacrificed to the parrot's baleful influence. Mr. Manhood's point of view is undoubtedly grim, and if he has tears, he is not prepared to shed them now, nor (as far as one can see) at any time.

This trait gives some of his stories (oddly enough, not the fishing ones) a certain inhumanity which, allied to something inherently improbable in their themes, constitutes their chief defect. They are well written (though sometimes marred by strained metaphors), well-constructed, and ingeniously conceived.

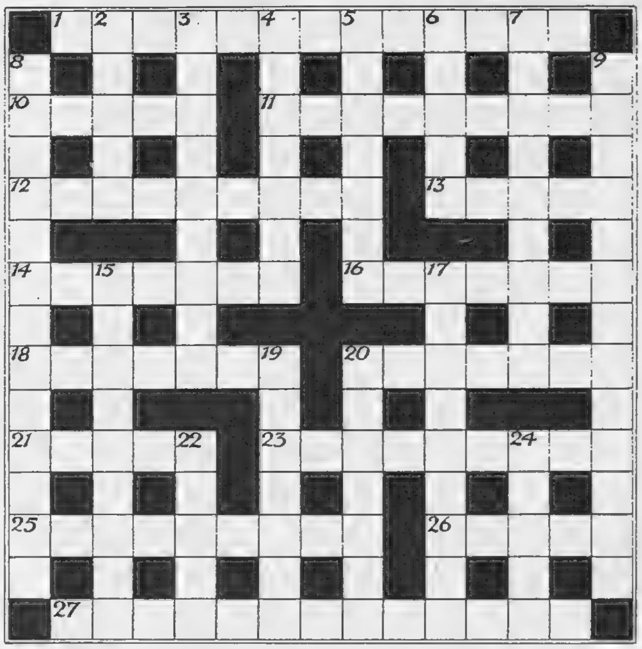
BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden. By Edith Olivier. *(Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.)*
Crack of Whips. By H. A. Manhood. *(Cape; 7s. 6d.)*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Sounds as if it ought to be a log cabin, but any bank clerk knows it's nothing of the kind (hyphen)
10. May easily turn to wrath, despite its compass.
11. He requires a net profit.
12. Tear basin (anag.).
13. A trunk you cannot pack in a height so joined.
14. No one who does this can be on his own ground.
16. Biting.
18. This officer sounds like one of the household brigade.
20. Not so plump with quite a fair shot to end up with.
21. Girl with a heart of stone.
23. To locate a famous picture gallery after a certain morning hour and about tea-time is purely experimental.
25. This governing body sounds as if it ought to be in favour of wooden paving (two words).
26. Conditions would be if the broker could say this every minute of the day.
27. Is it this kind of brutality that induces a man to trump?



DOWN.

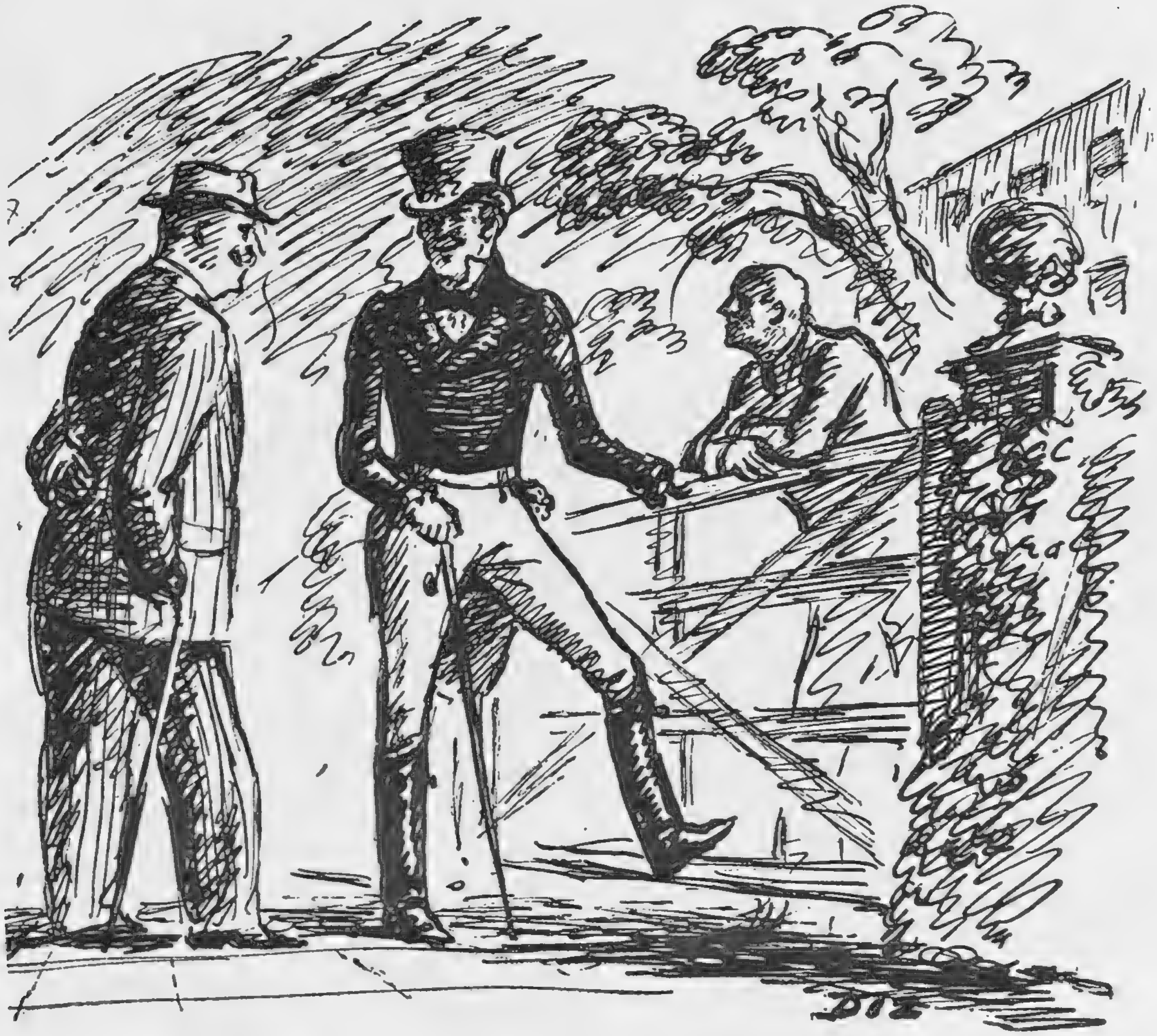
2. If missing, search among the cat-tribe for a hint!
3. Pope's name.
4. If they're around, look out for squalls!
5. Has to do with the interior, although it smacks of an illumination device.
6. Unconcealed.
7. An inhabitant of Palestine.
8. At such a feast feature, are the directors facing a dead loss? (two words).
9. Without any display of interest.
15. "Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, But ——— the ways of God to man" (Pope's Essay on Man).
17. A member of a certain sect.
19. Drop (two words).
20. An island of the Levant.
22. Most of the autumn months.
24. Sadie has altered notions.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, August 27, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page 376) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

He said to me — "one swallow doesn't make a summer"....



I said to him — no, but it's enough to tell you whether it's Johnnie Walker or not...!

BORN 1820... STILL GOING STRONG..

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

LAST week, when I mentioned a brief visit I had paid to Prince's, Sandwich, I little thought I was to have an opportunity of playing round Royal St. George's. It happened this way. The Kent and Somerset match that had taken me into Canterbury finished before luncheon on the last day, so, not fancying a lonely sandwich on a deserted cricket ground, I motored over to St. George's in search of sea breezes and more sustaining fare. I found both, and, in addition, Douglas Grant, Lionel Munn, and Ernest Holderness, who very kindly co-opted me into their afternoon round, and, since I arrived all unprepared, generously supplied me with a ball and gave me the freedom of their bags, all the requisites, therefore, towards a thoroughly interesting experience. And such it proved three times over, for I came away with three distinct impressions, all the more vivid now that I have had leisure to review them.

Three Great Golfers at a Glance.

First of all there was this unique opportunity of watching these three great amateurs and of studying their methods, slightly varied in small things, markedly alike in essentials and results. I had not seen Ernest Holderness at such close quarters for a long time. But it only took four holes to show that all the old mastery was still there. Every shot was hit the right way, which left me with that feeling of enjoyment any watcher experiences in viewing an artist ply his craft. Perhaps what struck me most was his wrist-work—the little flick that picked the ball neatly out of a close lie, or kept the long iron shot and short approach so undeviatingly on the line to the hole. Both he and Grant—Holderness with a mixed bag, chiefly of old friends, Grant still cleaving to hickory—left me with the impression of belonging to the now nearly extinct "old school." Munn, although of the same vintage, and complete with one of the latest and best of matched sets, struck me as having adapted and modified his style, so as to make the most of a mechanised age.

The HON. ELIZABETH YOUNGER, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Younger of Leckie, is engaged to Captain John R. Mackintosh-Walker, Seaforth Highlanders. Miss Younger is a keen golfer.

A Comparison.

I feel I should make some attempt to explain this last statement. The difficulty is to do so. Perhaps a comparison may serve; the comparison between driving a car such as—shall we say?—the immortal 15-h.p. Bentley, and a modern car with fluid-flywheel, free-wheeling apparatus, and pre-selective gear-box. Well driven in the former, we realise that the driver—be he never so wizardly—is yet "doing things." Though he may glide along up hill and down dale with never a click nor a jerk nor a jar, we know we have expert double-clutching to thank therefor. In the latter we are chiefly conscious of silken, effortless motion, though, if we pause to think, we know that the driver must have a perfect understanding of his machine. So, with great golfers of the "old school" using the implements of that era, we are conscious that they are playing shots all the time; whereas, when we follow their successors, making full use of the benefits of being mechanised and graded "proper," we react rather to the excellence of the results than to their cause.

Other People's Clubs.

I have borrowed my heading from a recent article of Bernard Darwin's in *Country Life*—needless to say, a delight to read—for it so exactly serves my need, though my application of it is rather different. Playing round with my three heroes, I used their clubs as the spirit moved me. There was an iron of Douglas Grant's and a mashie belonging to Ernest Holderness, both hickory-shafted, both ancient, and both royal in their qualities. When I used "Duggie's" iron, instinctively I tried to recapture the rapture of a shot played off the right leg, flying like a bullet into the wind, such as James Braid showed me how to play long, long ago. When I took Ernest's mashie, subconsciously I attempted to cut the feet from under the ball *more* John Henry. But when I turned to any of Lionel's matched and graded "Tom Boy" irons, with their fluted heads and slender, mahogany veneered steel shafts, I felt all I had to do was to choose the right loft and then swing correctly. In fact, that with them it was easier to get results. And so, if you can swing correctly, it is. But, for all that, I shall use my own clubs when I start playing again. For, somehow, I would rather be bad with wood than good with the chink and clink of steel.

Water, the Magician.

This little but tangible difference between the clubs of yesterday and to-day was my second impression. Royal St. George's links provided the third. Time was, not so long ago, when the condition of the fairways had plunged members into the depths of despair. Weeds flourished, grass languished everywhere, and in some places was not. Then a brave committee laid water on to the fairways, and already sickness has given place to health. At the moment the quality of the new grass is still on the coarse side, but I am convinced that in quite a few years we shall once again rejoice in the fine, close-growing seaside turf over which alone real golf can be played. This is a pleasant prospect, but, as in the pantomime, the wicked fairy has been at work and has marred it. Now, I think that wicked fairy must be Bob Harris, for I found a horrid and unsightly bunker, such as he proposed a few years ago, gaping like a sore on the Canal Hole fairway. But perhaps a good fairy, with wand complete, may be found to make all well again. *Dum spiro, spero.*

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO, daughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, is here seen at North Berwick, pointing out something very important—we imagine the flight of a golf ball—to the HON. SIR RONALD LINDSAY, British Ambassador in Washington.

MISS ANGELA COUPER, daughter of Sir John and Lady Couper, was presented at the recent Holyrood Drawing-Room. MISS BARBARA BAILEY, posed with her, is a daughter of General and Mrs. V. T. Bailey.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"AND a not uncommon complaint, either. But still, there 's plenty of time yet. Speaking for myself, I like a plump partridge or a well-filled pheasant better than a grouse. Don't you ?"

"Give him fish and chips, if you want to see him really happy."

"No, but you don't understand," protested the broker. "My tenderest feelings are outraged when I find my friends forgetting my labels, and I——"

"Don't you think so much about Number One, Old Bird. I 'll bet your friends have thousands of other people besides yourself to think about, and, after all, the local poulterers can only cope with a certain demand."

"There 's always Fortnum and Mason, or Harrods, or Barkers, or—— Hullo ! young feller ! I thought you were on the Continent."

"Got to Harwich this morning," said Our Stroller. "Oh, yes, rather," he replied to half-a-dozen questions. "Most interesting experience."

"Heil, Hitler ?"

"All the time. The kids in the streets and the babies in their prams and—the whole lot of 'em are Hitlerites. In South Germany, anyway. Maybe not so much in the industrial and manufacturing parts."

"What is the secret of the man ?"

"That 's not difficult to grasp. Here you had about three dozen different political parties in Germany, all at sixes and sevens, no one to order them about in the way the German loves to be ordered."

"Along comes Hitler. One of the people, and a born orator. Bit of an Idealist, but knowing his own narrow mind. He shouts orders to one lot and they obey him. He shoves aside another lot, and paralyses them with fear——"

The men nodded, and the broker asked Our Stroller whether he thought it was right to buy German bonds.

"That 's more than I can say. I saw very little sign of real poverty"

"You have to go to Austria for that. Plenty there," remarked a jobber just back from a motor-tour in Middle Europe.

"German bonds are still a speculation, eh ?"

"Gamble, I should call them. I 'd rather buy Brazilians."

"They 're a general tip just now. Everyone tells you to have a few Brazils."

"Quite true; but everyone is not following his own advice, and you can get in pretty cheaply. What I like is the seven per cent. that the bonds pay you on the money."

"You wouldn't get seven per cent. if there weren't any risk."

"No, really ? You don't say that ? Well, I never ! Many people would never have thought——"

"Many people," interrupted a broker, "would never have thought of gold-mining shares as an investment twenty years ago——"

"Five years, please. When we went off the gold standard three years back, Kaffirs were considered a sheer speculation and West Africans more or less of a ramp. With exceptions," he added thoughtfully.

Fred May has taken a look round the Flour, Wheat and Grain Market this week, and has recorded his caricature impressions of some of the important figures in it. MR. JOSEPH RANK is the Governing Director of Joseph Rank, Ltd., and one of the largest millers in the country. MR. CHARLES McDOUGALL is Managing Director of McDougalls, Ltd., whose name is a household one. LIEUT.-COL. H. McDOUGALL is also a Director of McDougall's Flour Trust, Ltd. SIR MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., is Chairman of Spillers, Ltd. MR. W. PINNOCK is a Director of Pinnock Bros., and of the Corn Exchange. MR. W. W. PIGGOTT is one of the best-known City men in Grain, and is concerned in several Wheat Associations.

"You have done very well out of those Ashantis I put you into," said his broker to Our Stroller.

"By Jove ! haven't I just ! Some of your best tips I missed, but for Ashanti and Wiluna and Kleinfontein I shall ever remember you."

"In your will ?"

"Where there 's a will, there 's many a poor relation."

"I thought you were going to say that where there 's a will, there 's a won't. Have you seen the Rothschild film ?"

"Yes ; good, isn't it ? But did Rothschild ever come into the Stock Exchange, as he seems to do in the picture ?"

"Never heard of it. I doubt if that bit is strictly true to history."

"If it is," remarked another broker, "he would have stood about here."

They were watching the scene in the Consol Market.

"The whole of the Stock Exchange of that day was pulled down and the House was rebuilt entirely, you know," said the second broker.

"Ah, so it was," agreed the first, who, in point of austere accuracy, knew about as much of the history of the Stock Exchange as the great majority of his fellow-members. "Where 's that blighter gone to now ?"

"Here I am," replied Our Stroller, reappearing suddenly. "I caught sight of your *Sketch* pictures——"

"Oh, yes ; they brighten up the place, don't they ? Highly non-official, of course. The Managers have to wink at them."

"Do you think your Managers would let me run up a kraal in the Kaffir Circus, so that I might pick up a few tips ?"

"You 'd want a decent-sized bungalow to contain all the tips you get in the Kaffir Market. And I doubt if you 're agile enough "—he critically regarded his client's comfortable waist-line—" to run up a kraal."

"Not in these clothes, of course. I should have to borrow suitable costumes from the Garrick Theatre revue. But aren't Kaffirs getting dangerous ?"

"So everybody says. So everybody has been saying, too, for months past."

"Yet prices continually rise."

"Yes ; annoying, isn't it, when you haven't got enough of the shares."

"Annoying is a mild word for it. Too late to come in now ?"

The broker sighed wearily. "Can't you ask me something original ?" he said. "I get that question fired at me a dozen times a day. You find the same thing, I suppose ?" he asked another broker.

"Two dozen times on Saturday and fifty times on Sunday," replied his friend, who plays good bridge in various golf-clubs. "I always give them the same answer."

"We can guess what that is."

"No doubt. And it 's right, too. Can't come unstuck with good things, but beware of the muck."

"How can you tell the difference ?" asked Our Stroller.

"Enquire from your broker."

"Who will probably give you a non-committal reply."

"He will keep you off the rubbish, all the same. And that 's something you should be grateful for."

Our Stroller said that it certainly was. "But how about the good things ? Aren't they almost as expensive as a cup of tea in Switzerland ?"

"Rand Mines you can buy. And Modders. Even now."

"East Rand Consols ?"

"Not too bad. I wouldn't like to put you off. And those Kentan things are going better, you know. Kimingini are a favourite tip just now."

"What for must you have such uncouth names ?" demanded Our Stroller. "Kimin—— What did you call it ? Where is the property ?"

"Kimingini. Tanganyika baby, you know. Or you should do."

"I can't see gold going wrong," admitted a dealer. "People profess to be frightened of the price falling back. Seems to me more likely to go up than down."

"There 's always Roosevelt."

"He will do more good than harm in the long run. Roosevelt tries first one thing, then another, and the result is that he gets as muddled as the man who mixes his drinks."

"Who mixes Roosevelt's drinks ?"

"Looks as though all his pals had a turn at the job."

"All his pals, and not a few of his enemies, too. Do you believe in this Yankee boom that the papers are talking about ?"

"I believe in it to the same extent that I believe in anything the papers prophesy. Nickels are all right. Shouldn't care to touch much else there, apart from Canadas and Baltimores. Those two have a sporting chance as a lock-up."

"Well," said the broker, "I 've put my faith and my money and my clients into rubber shares. Three months hence, and we shall see them a lot higher. If they 're not, I will eat my hat."

"Being reduced to the verge of starvation, eh ? Here, hi, you ! Look at the time ! Come on !"

And Our Stroller heartily agreed that it would be a stout thing to celebrate the striking success of a tip which we gave you not very long ago, you may remember, in the Brewery Market.

Friday, Aug. 17, 1934.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

Fascinating Laura La Plante is enjoying a great success at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where her vivacity and charm make a very real person of Gloria Gunn, the temperamental film-star in "Admirals All." In the photograph on the left she is wearing some magnificent jewels from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W. The curved ear-clips are composed of diamonds set in platinum; the twin clips at her throat are seen on the right in the form of a brooch. Both brilliant and baton cut diamonds are used, and the two clips are slipped into a platinum frame.

The oblong ring is made up of diamonds of four distinctly different shapes—baton, brilliant, trapeze, and rectangular. The second ring shows a square-cut diamond with shaped sapphires on either side. Miss La Plante wears two bracelets—one in a delicate link design, comprising diamonds and sapphires, and the other set with diamonds only, the open nature of the setting giving it an attractive lightness despite its impressive width.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

Black net, moulding the body and growing tremendously full at the hem, is used for the dinner dress on the left. The horse-shoe buckle is set with brilliants, the décolleté is oblong at the back, and a curved ruffle sweeps across the back and front of the skirt. Evening gloves of kid, with a suède inset, and a bag of multi-coloured brocade with a dull gold filigree mount, or alternatively in silver with a crystal mount, are notable accessories.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

BLACK TULLE BY DAY AND NIGHT.

We call them bérets, probably from force of habit, but actually these new versions belong more accurately to the tam-o'-shanter family. The model shown above is made of black velvet, the under-part faced with black tulle, slightly stiffened and embroidered with chenille spots. This gives an ethereal halo effect which is very flattering. With the dress and the accessories on this page, it comes from Woolland Brothers, of Knightsbridge.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

AQUA - TINTED OSTRICH FEATHERS.

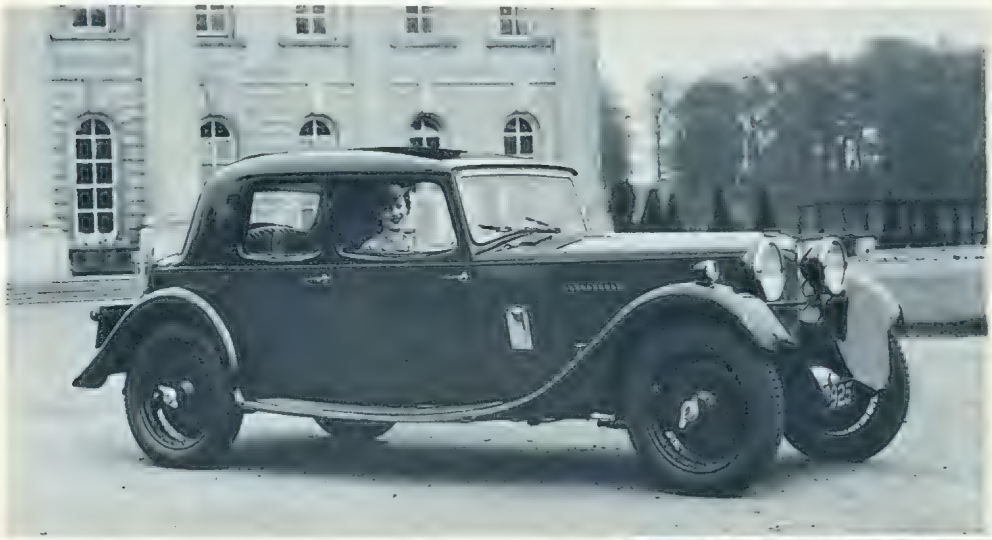
Chiffon, in the lovely translucent green of the sea beneath the light of the setting sun, is used for this exquisite frock from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W. As slender as a stem, it has a widened shoulder-line given by a flat frill, shirred in the front and outlining the décolletage at the back, while cascades of frills are massed at the hem. The cape bolero is edged with matching ostrich feathers tipped with brackish brown.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

WE can be justly proud of the successes of British cars in the International Alpine Trial, because they are the reward of sheer hard work and careful design and workmanship on the part of our manufacturers, as well as the skill and endurance of those who drove the cars. The old myth that Englishmen and British cars were no good on Alpine roads has long since been exploded, but it needed the striking British successes of the last three years to confirm the excellence of our cars and drivers. It may be argued that British cars are designed for British roads, so that there is no need to worry about the rather special characteristics that are required in Alpine motoring. Such an argument is fallacious, for, take it from me, a car that can get through the International Alpine Trial without losing points is fit for hard service in any part of the world.

It has to be sprung to ride comfortably over bad roads; it must keep cool enough to climb the longest, steepest pass without boiling the water in the radiator; it must have a good steering-lock, so that acute hairpin bends can be rounded without reversing, and the brakes must be oil and water proof, and, above all, must not "fade out" after a mile or two of downhill driving. All these qualities, when you come to think of it, are necessary in ordinary use, whether at home or overseas. That cool engine is valuable in city traffic on a hot day; that small turning-circle is an immense help in parking in confined spaces; those dependable brakes mean thousands of miles without adjustment on our ordinary good roads. So if all the Talbots and Triumphs, and most of the Rileys and Singers and other British cars, can get through the Alpine Trial with clean sheets, you can tell pretty well what sort of cars they are and what they can do.



The 14-h.p. RILEY "STELVIO" Saloon is ideal for motorists who require comfort and roominess combined with a performance well above the average. The price of the car is £398, and its smart yet dignified lines add still further to its attractions.

Mind you, it would be unfair to scan the results and jump to too-hasty conclusions. Some of the cars failed to get through for no mechanical cause. In a few cases the inexperience of the drivers—an error, maybe, in working out the time due at a control—may have been the reason for a good car being eliminated at the finish. An example is the case of Miss M. D. Patten, who put up an extremely good show on a "Speed-Twenty" Alvis. She arrived too late, according to the official timekeepers, at a time check, so was excluded from the results. Miss Joan Richmond, too, had a last-moment disappointment. She and her co-driver, Mrs. E. Gordon Simpson, took a front spring off their Triumph "Ten," which had got bent through hitting a wall on the Stelvio Pass, heated it, and hammered it straight on a blacksmith's anvil. The rules were very strict on the point that competitors were not allowed to accept outside assistance and had to effect all necessary repairs with the tools and materials carried in the car. Miss Richmond herself wielded the sledge-hammer, but the officials could scarcely believe that "a slip of a girl" had the necessary strength. In any case, they argued, the anvil and sledge-hammer were not part of the tool-kit on the car, so out went she.

The Talbot and Triumph teams deserved their hundred-per-cent successes, because they are both ideally suited to Alpine work; very fast getting away from hairpin bends, well cooled, and possessing excellent brakes. The S.S.I. team, in view of the experience gained in last year's "Alpine," might have been expected to have got through. But one car crashed as a result of leaving the road. The surviving pair were, I understand, 5 or 6 cwt. heavier than last year's trials cars, besides having lower-compression engines, and could not make their time up the Stelvio Pass, on which they were expected to average 25 m.p.h. Another failed to do the imposed speed of 68·34 m.p.h. over ten kilometres on the new Autostrada from Padua to Venice, while the smaller model, making its début in the trial, "lost" one of its gears.

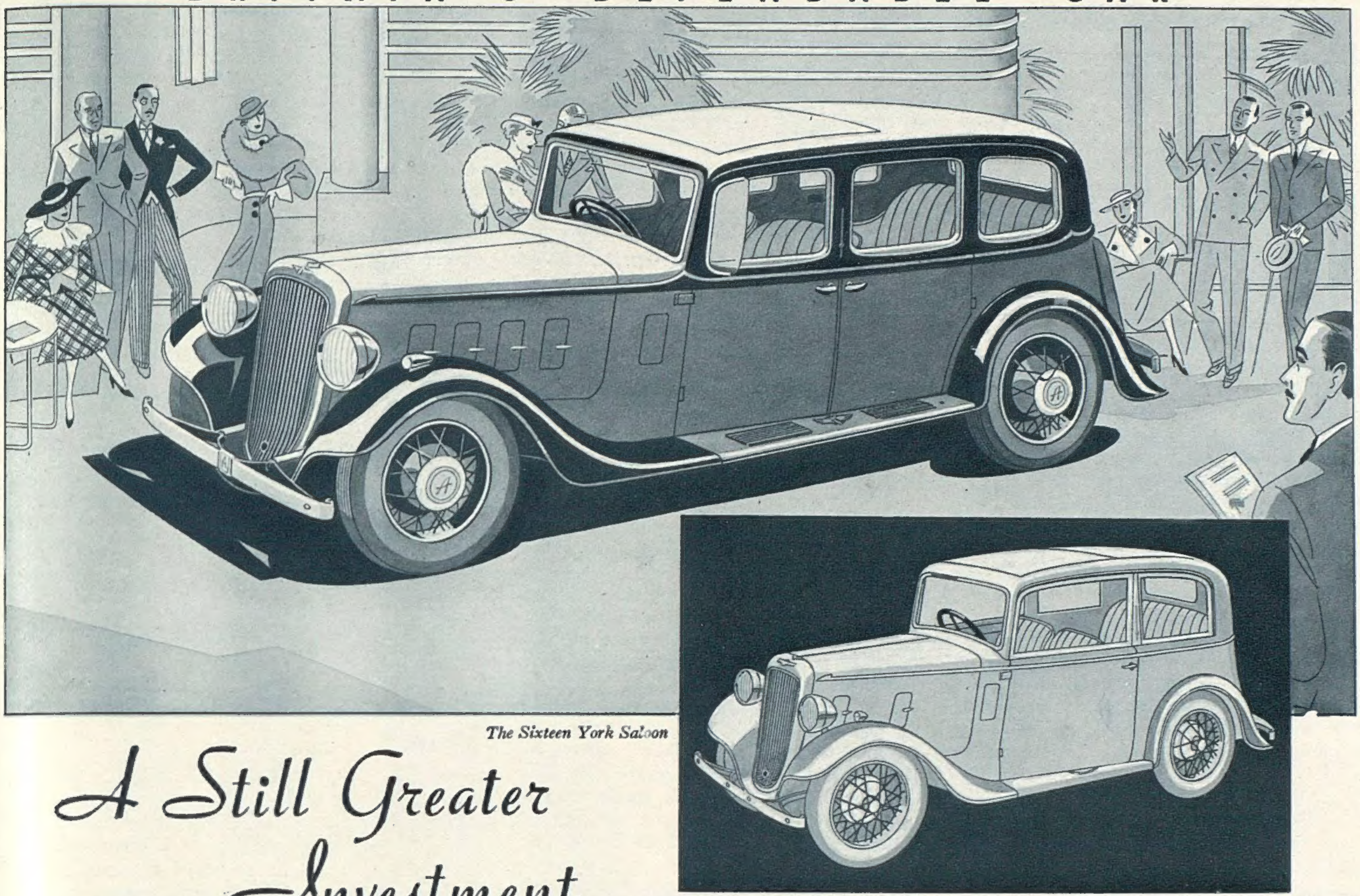
The Rileys were "outed" as a team, because the cylinder-head gasket of one car was leaky. Admittedly, such things shouldn't happen, but accidents *do* happen in the best regulated families. What is more, Riley's know all about the Alps and the Alpine Trial, for last year they won the Coupe des Alpes—the highest possible award—in the 1500-c.c. class, and in 1932 they got the Coupe des Alpes in the 1100 c.c. But for this bit of bad luck, which lost one car of the team 57 marks (the other two got through unpenalised), Rileys would have this year done the hat-trick by winning the Coupe for the third year in succession, and this time in the 2-litre category.

The M.G. "Magnette" which I drove was the new "N" type and proved well suited to the Alps. It was particularly fast up the steeper passes, used no oil to speak of (once a leak due to a loose stud was discovered and caulked), and only on one day out of the six, after the 9042-feet high and 12-mile-long Stelvio Pass had been climbed at nearly 30 m.p.h. average, did it require any appreciable addition to the water in the radiator. The radiators were sealed for the whole of each day's run, and were only allowed to be filled up at the end of the day.

This charming motoring snapshot shows a MORRIS "TEN-FOUR," a car which combines adequate accommodation for four persons with a petrol consumption of 35 m.p.g., posed at a famous Oxfordshire beauty spot, Clifton Hampden.

The 4½-litre Lagonda was just too long for one or two of the Stelvio hairpins and lost only 3 marks in the whole 1750 miles. A Railton Terraplane got through with a clean sheet, while an Avon "Standard" won a Coupe des Glaciers, losing no marks whatever, in the 1500-c.c. class. The Singers and Frazer Nashes all did well, only one in each team losing a very small number of marks, while a little Austin "Seven," despite getting involved in all sorts of difficulties, was triumphantly brought home, winning a second prize, by its indefatigable owner. Yes, British cars put up a really good show in this year's "Alpine," holding their own with the best that the Continent can produce.

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR



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They're here, the new Austins, improved beyond measure in appearance and style—with modern lines, smartness that is really sensible . . . a new beauty that arouses a definite pride of ownership.

Among the chief improvements are an entirely new frontal design including a longer bonnet and new-shaped radiator, and rear panelling which encloses the spare wheel or lowers to form a luggage platform—all in the true dignified Austin tradition. The appearance of the Seven Saloon has been completely transformed by extensive improvements. With a low frame, long bonnet, enclosed spare wheel, disappearing luggage carrier, bumpers and special ventilators, the Seven is a still more attractive car. Yet although these radical improvements have been made in the Seven, substantial manufacturing economies have been effected, the benefits of which are passed on to the public—the Fixed Head Saloon selling at the remarkably low price of £112.

All models now have Synchromesh on top, third **and second** gears, and direction indicators which return automatically. These new features are displayed at the leading Austin distributors and dealers. Call round and examine the improved Austins.

AUSTIN PRICES (*Effective August 14th*)

The SEVEN (*7.8 h.p., 4-cyl.*)

Ruby Saloon	£120
Ruby Fixed Head Saloon	£112
Pearl Cabriolet	£128
Open Road Tourer	£108
Opal Two-seater	£100

The TEN-FOUR (*9.9 h.p., 4-cyl.*)

Lichfield Saloon	£172-10s.
Lichfield Fixed Head Saloon	£158
Colwyn Cabriolet	£178
Open Road Tourer	£152
Clifton Two-Seater	£152

The LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR (*11.9 h.p., 4-cyl.*)

Ascot Saloon	£218
Ascot Fixed Head Saloon	£198
Open Road Tourer	£172-10s.
Eton Two-Seater	£172-10s.

The TWELVE (*12.8 h.p., 4-cyl.*)

Westminster Saloon	£325
Carlton Saloon	£305
Iver, with division	£315
Berkeley Saloon	£295
Berkeley Fixed Head Saloon	£275

The TWELVE-SIX (*with 13.9 or 15.9 h.p., 6-cyl. engine*)

Ascot Saloon	£235
Ascot Fixed Head Saloon	£215
Open Road Tourer	£200
Eton Two-Seater	£200

The SIXTEEN (*with 15.9 or 17.9 h.p., 6-cyl. engine*)

York Saloon (long wheel-base)	£328
Chalfont Saloon, with division	£338
Hertford Saloon	£318

The TWENTY (*23.5 h.p., 6-cyl.*)

Ranelagh Limousine	£595
Ranelagh Landaulet	£595
Mayfair Limousine	£650
Mayfair Landaulet	£650

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Seven Speedy Two-Seater	£172
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(See page 366.) 22/8/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXVII.

ANALYSIS OF THE BULLER-ALMACK MATCH.

MY early view, from what I saw of the Buller-Almack contest, was that, if Colonel Buller's assertion (that it was the best contract bridge ever seen) is correct, then championship play at contract is universally at a very low ebb. The published account of the match more than confirms my view. I would have you keep the word "championship" well in mind, for here we are discussing the play of a team selected by Colonel Buller (and he had the United Kingdom to select from), and a team representing one of the leading card-clubs in the world—Almacks; hence we were entitled to see championship play, instead of witnessing occasional grotesque lapses from common card-sense, which confessedly occurred during this contest. Colonel Buller himself marks off no less than sixteen "shocking" calls and thirty-two "bad" calls, or one ill-timed—shall we say, amateurish?—play in every fourth deal! I myself can point out at least nine additional "shocking and bad" calls to this lot, making a total of fifty-seven upsets to championship form. Nor does Colonel Buller take into account "shocking" play of the cards, of which there are no less than seventeen examples, mostly cases where, on *identical* bidding and with the *same* opening lead, the result varied by tricks, which surely indicates weakness in either attack or defence—or possibly in both. "How he managed to make nine tricks is a mystery." "In making nine tricks in no-trump, A. Kehoe performed a miracle"; "B's defence was shocking"; "if Z had led a club originally instead of the *truly terrible* lead of the ace of hearts . . ." are a few extracts from the comments on the play, and yet "the general standard of the play of the cards was high" in this best contract bridge ever seen! There were not a great number of informative doubles—two were truly disastrous—and it gave me much joy to read in Captain Kempson's comments, "The Informatory Double is a poor weapon!"

There are four examples of shocking and terrible play in this contest. I hold that such play should not be seen outside the kindergarten class of contract—yet this is championship contract. (1) One partner has enormous support for his partner's spade opening, a slam being almost a card certainty in that suit, but insists on playing the hand in clubs on five to ace, knave. I say *insists*, because he bid clubs three times, and never once mentioned spades—his partner's opening suit—of which he held A, Q, Kn, 9! (2) An informative double of one no-trump is re-doubled and left in, declarer thereby being allowed a game bid at one no-trump! He made two no-trumps, so the "poor weapon" in this case was pretty expensive. (3) A third in hand bluff bid of one heart on K, 10 to six and no other face card. Here, deservedly, the bluffer lost 1,050 points. I say "deservedly," because surely it is only against rabbits that bluff bids stand a chance—not against champions! (4) A self-declaring small slam in either spades or no-trumps missed in both rooms. But this is neither marked "shocking" nor "bad." It is merely said to be "unenterprising."

The obvious lesson to be learnt from this contest is that clear-cut common sense has not yet arrived at contract. Colonel Buller claims that his team play nothing else. I have no doubt that is the big idea, but his players seem to be unable to concentrate on that idea for one hundred hands; in other words, there seem to be two ideas of what is common sense at contract—at least, my idea differs greatly from Colonel Buller's. Another lesson from this match (here I don't expect anybody to agree, and possibly nobody will understand the point of view): these contests should be played for money—tiny points, if you will; say, sixpence per hundred—something on the game would make a lot of difference in the play! Silly, isn't it? But I think it a sound idea.

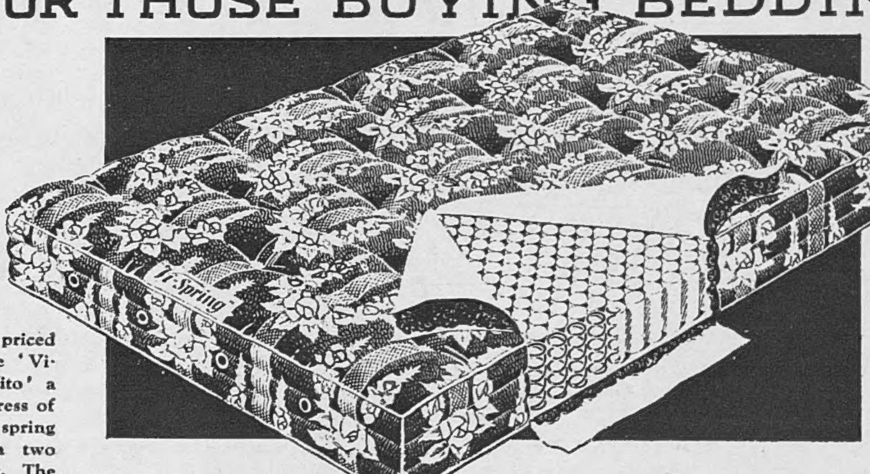
SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG. 15.

ACROSS.—1. Mercury. 5. Finance. 9. Matilda. 11. Jesting. 13. Yorkist. 14. Owls. 16. Ohio. 17. Eagre. 19. Leave. 20. Host. 21. Orion. 22. Eros. 23. Lash. 25. Score. 27. Asti. 30. Helot. 31. Enoch. 32. Coal. 33. Tout. 34. Peveril. 38. Failure. 39. Adoring. 40. Royalty. 41. Dredger.

DOWN.—1. Mammoth. 2. Rattles. 3. Ugly. 4. Year. 5. Fiji. 6. Nest. 7. Neither. 8. Engross. 10. Douro. 12. Essen. 15. Satchel. 16. Overact. 18. Erect. 19. Loire. 23. Lucifer. 24. Shadily. 25. Sober. 26. Eneid. 28. Showing. 29. Integer. 34. Pull. 35. Very. 36. Rand. 37. Love.

MRS. J. TEMPLEMAN, 72, London Lane, Bromley, Kent, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of Aug. 8 to be first opened on Monday, Aug. 13. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

INSIDE INFORMATION
FOR THOSE BUYING BEDDING



Those requiring a lower priced overlay mattress than the 'Vi-Spring' should see the 'Vito' a spring interior overlay mattress of wonderful sturdiness. Its spring centre is encased between two generous layers of upholstery. The unique shape and assemblage of the small 'Vito' springs ensure for the Vito mattress a strength and resiliency that make it pre-eminent for lasting comfort and hard service, especially when used with the Vibase Mattress support.

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As with a mattress so with a mattress support—choose it with care, for only correct support can enable an overlay mattress to give its maximum comfort and service. For your 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' mattress choose the Vibase Mattress support. Its close, even and resilient surface brings all the small springs in the overlay mattress into play, and thus ensures the maximum of comfort. The 'Vibase' is fully upholstered and is equal in efficiency to the costly Box Springs, yet costs no more than the inefficient open-spring supports which, owing to their large open spaces, support only a small fraction of the springs in the overlay, *and are, therefore, entirely unsuitable for use with spring interior mattresses.*

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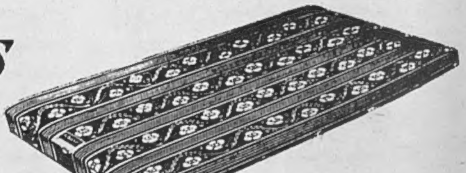

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